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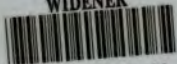
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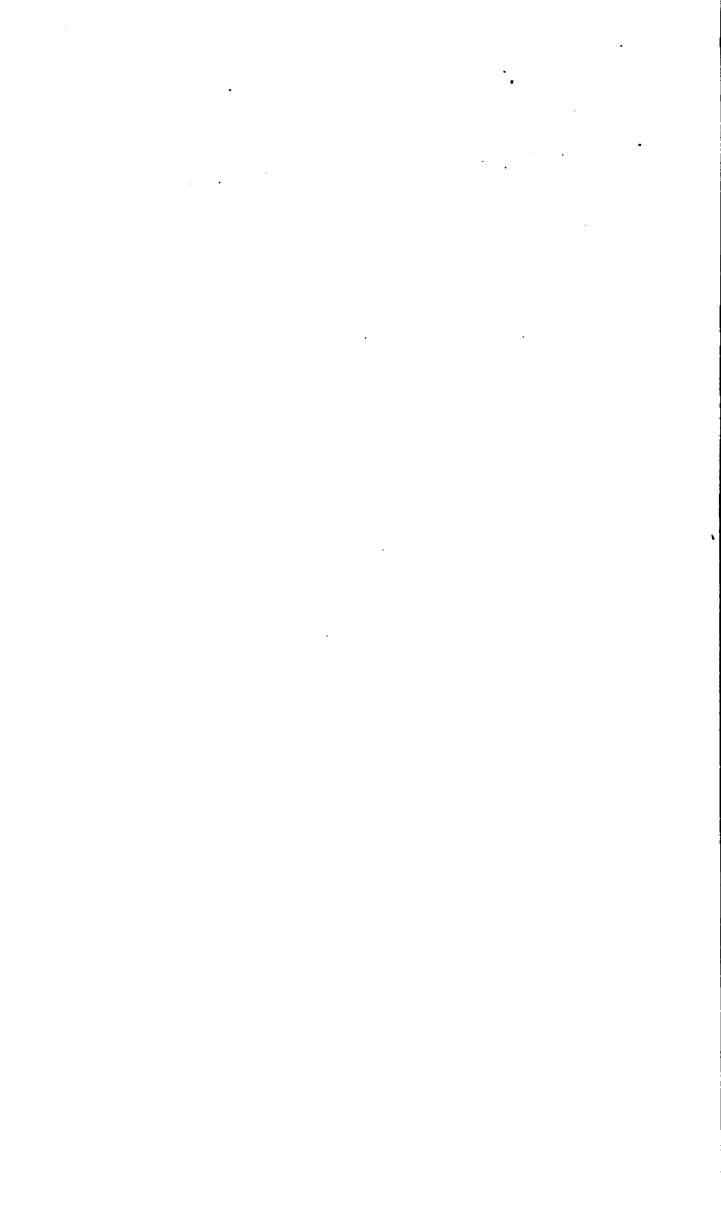
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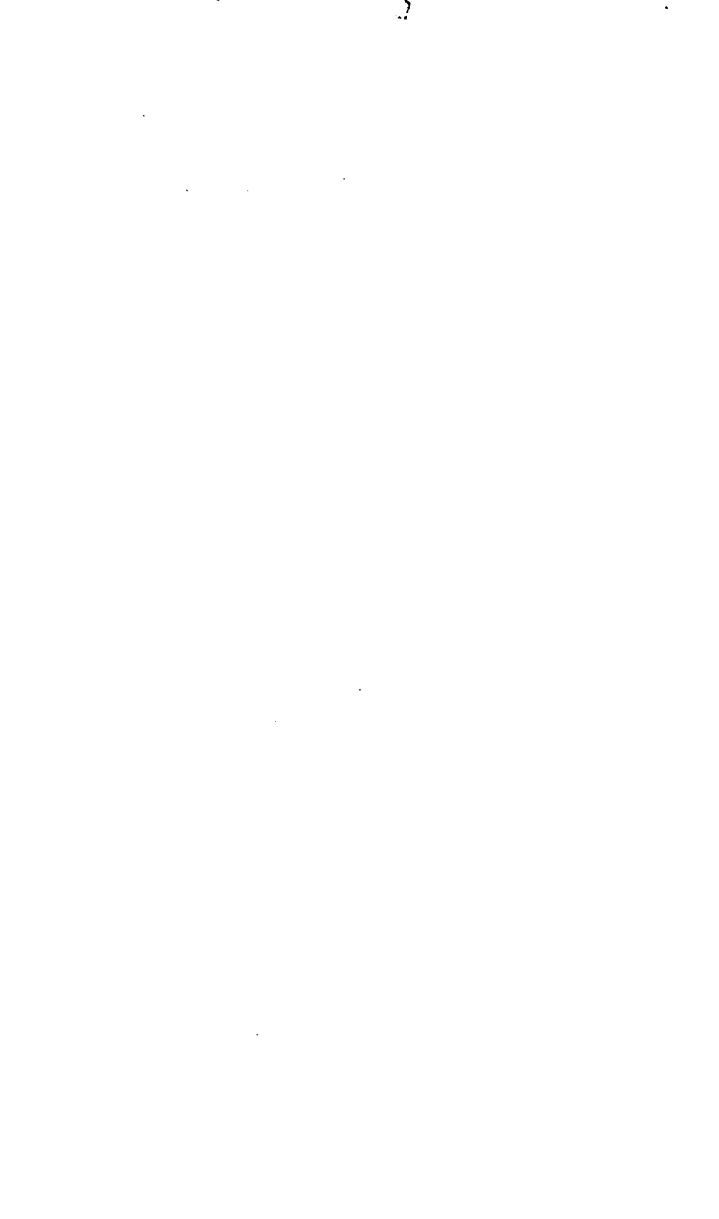
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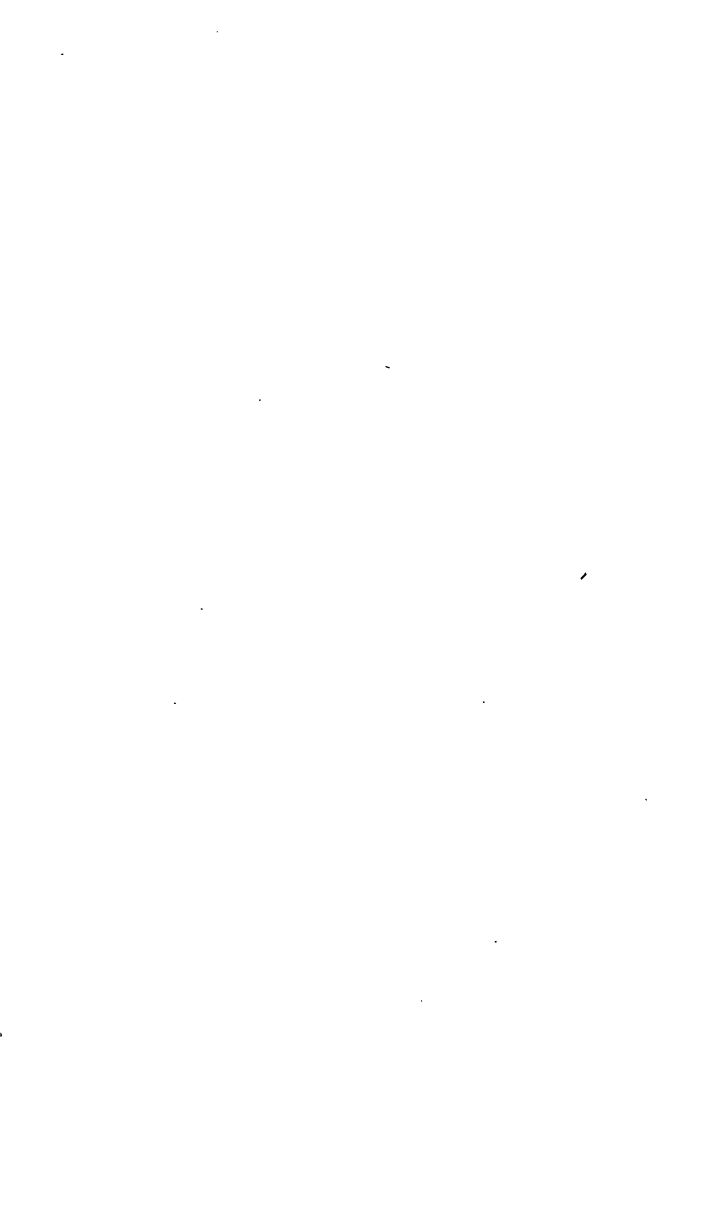
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HAVING been told by a dear Friend (JOSIAH FORSTER) that I ought to write something about my *Uncles*, has had much to do with this little work ; which has become what it is from my recollections having taken a wider range. Thus it includes many names, so well known and esteemed in the Society of Friends, as to encourage the making it accessible to such as may retain an interest in those names. Nor could I like to exclude, from these tributary notices, even at the risk of egotism, some relating to those still nearer to me than my dear and valued *Uncles*.



Memorials of Kindred and Friends  
Departed.

---

RICHARD REYNOLDS :\*

(MY GREAT GRANDFATHER, WHO DIED AT 60,  
HAVING BEEN A MINISTER IN THE SOCIETY  
OF FRIENDS FOR 40 YEARS.)

THOU gave a youthful heart to God ; (Too  
soon

Can none surrender it for sure delight :) )

Then waged the warfare, and maintain'd  
the fight,

E'en through the mists of earth that dimm'd  
thy noon :

Ah ! if clear shining of the morning light  
Live through life's clouds, 'tis Heaven's  
especial boon.

Thou, at thy close, didst own that not the  
might

---

\* Father of Richard Reynolds, "The Philanthropist."

Of the full day was in Christ's service spent,  
 And over thy shortcomings didst repent!—  
     But, in those days, not, with our Church,  
         most bright,  
     Thou, by the Gospel taught, with heaven-  
         salved sight  
 Beheld the Lamb! fled to His sheltering side!  
 And, as believing, suppliant, Penitent,  
     Firm in the faith, thou preach'd to others,  
         died!

---

### MY GRANDFATHER, JOSEPH BALL.

A SAINT, like saintly John : so loving, mild,  
 In whom the love of God and man bore  
     sway :  
 So holy, that the ungodly shrunk away ;  
 So gentle, that he drew the little child :  
     Whose conscience, clear and soft as morn-  
         ing's ray,  
 And kept so rarely, had a point too fine  
 To fray, by following still the ascending line  
     That from his people's path might lead  
         astray :  
 So he renounced his purpose ; while the aim

At saving souls his kindling spirit fired ;  
 As minister of Christ\* he never tired  
 To work for Him, His gospel to proclaim—  
 This word, oft on His lips,† “By Moses came  
 The Law, but Grace by Jesus,”—word in-  
 spired !

---

### MY GRANDMOTHER, SUSANNA BALL.

RIGHT worthy, even of such Husband, Thou—  
 From him so diverse, but for him so meet ;  
 Prompt and impulsive, but subsiding,  
 sweet,

Into the calm shed from his saintly brow  
 And eye serene : Together did ye bow  
 Before the altar of your God with joy !—  
 Thy gentleness to me, a childling boy,  
 I just recall—thy prayers are with me now !  
 Thou, too, wert stedfast in thy Lord’s employ,  
 And paidst, alike, to Him thy public vow,  
 Serving His Church and People—most His  
 Poor ;

Oh, large of heart, to cherish these ! for how  
 Didst thou “consider” them ! and, lavish, throw  
 Into their lap thy never-hoarded store !

---

\* In the Society of Friends.

† My Father said this was his Father’s favourite text.



MY GRAND-UNCLE, RICHARD  
REYNOLDS,

("THE PHILANTHROPIST," BROTHER OF SUSANNA  
BALL.)

DALE!\* rife of ancient memories : in the past  
So honour'd by the presence and the work  
Of excellence—and still our kindred's home !

Here REYNOLDS, brightening our ancestral  
name,

Fused the hard metal to a stream of wealth  
That pour'd its bounteous tides throughout  
the land:

Oh, ne'er a heart so firm such Pity drew  
To send abroad availing sympathy,  
And make the widow's heart to sing for joy!  
A noble presence, and a reverend head  
Circled with massive ring of silver hair—  
By Percy's stealthy model still preserved,  
My chamber almost hallowing, lifelike still,  
In the same traits my early childhood knew.

He plann'd these sylvan walks that wind  
away  
Through woods he planted, clothing ample  
slopes

---

\* Coalbrook Dale, Shropshire.

Of swelling range this Dale that circles in—  
 Woods that expand in coppice, sink in dells,  
 Cluster in groves, and wave o'er "Lincoln  
 hill."

He loved retirement of the woods, and loved  
 Their deep recess, not for its shade alone,  
 But as the cell of prayer, and nurse of praise!

---

### MY FATHER, RICHARD BALL.

My Father! how this Cause\* doth bring to  
 mind

Thy sacrifice to serve it, through report  
 Evil and good, with fervent, constant, zeal!  
 That cause not then, as now, grown popular:  
 Not then "all joy" save to the few that braved  
 "Divers temptations," trials of their faith,  
 In persevering stress against the stream,  
 To found it stably in the flood of Time!  
 I still recall thy journeyings, oft and far,  
 (That, sometimes, even my young childhood  
 shared;)

Thou, whose best years were given to spread  
 that Book

---

\* British and Foreign Bible Society.

Which sheds unmingled Truth's enlightening  
ray,  
Of power to make unto salvation wise  
Through faith in Him that shines the glorious  
Sun  
And centre of the system it reveals !

---

### MY MOTHER, ELIZABETH BALL.

HEART-HEAVING years! wherein our joys went  
down  
As former suns have sunk in western waves !  
These are the memories, worn within the heart,  
Beneath our smiles, through seasons as they  
roll !  
Nor suffer us to see the bursting bud  
Without a sigh for those, who once, with us  
Delighted in that sight ; nor to behold,  
Save through the haze of grief, the whitening  
thorn  
That pleased the departed ; nor to mark  
One spring-tide flower that tells not to our  
heart  
*Their* love of flowers, who see earth's flowers  
no more !

Long years may roll, but never to efface  
Remembrance of the lingering days that led  
A Mother to the sod yet wash'd with tears!  
Days of distress! I live them o'er again,  
And watch thee still, through gloom that  
naught could pierce  
But Christian Hope like thine! I seem to dry  
Once more the dews of suffering, and once  
more  
To hear the voice of solace, yet bestow'd  
Upon her sorrowing son, in accents faint,—  
“No thoughts, my child, of thee, but pleasant  
thoughts”—  
Oh, words of light upon a prospect dim,  
Soft as the early stars of twilight skies!  
Through slippery years, the shadow of that  
grief  
Was guardian shade to me; and yet, stretch'd  
out,  
Encircles memories that, hovering, bend,  
Like viewless wings of angel-care, to shield  
And cheer along life's way!

---

## TO MY BROTHER, RICHARD BALL.

(ON THE EVENING OF AN EXCURSION TO  
SEATHWAITE IN DUDDON.)

No ; not in vain we broke away :  
Wise was the thought as sudden,  
That we should spend this final day  
Upon the banks of Duddon.

The opening green to Walna Scar,  
Before the Scar was won,  
Took back our thought to days afar  
Ere uphill life begun—

Then came the ascent—the climbing strife,  
That meetly might recall  
The conflict of such uphill life,  
Its burden and its thrall.

Seathwaite ! thy strath, thy pastoral cot,  
And Duddon-water'd plain,  
Seen, as the type of mid-day lot,  
Shall not be seen in vain.

While mountain-tops in evening light  
The future's type pourtray,

Their distant ranges ne'er so bright  
As in departing day.

Then, Brother! dear to thee and me  
Be Duddon's banks of green,  
Whence Memory still, like honey-bee,  
Draws sweetness from the scene!

*P.S.*—How did thine Eve, with answer true,  
That future's type fulfil!  
Thy closing eye, in blessèd view,  
Of Zion's long'd for hill!

---

## TO MY SISTER, HANNAH BALL.

(OUR VISIT TO PARIS.)

PLEASANT has our journey been,  
Sister, dear! for we have seen  
In brief space, by aid of rail,  
Endless wonders at Versailles,  
Fontainbleau and St Germain;—  
Then to Paris back again,  
Paris, which we well have seen,—  
Paris, of all cities queen.

Pleasant has our wandering been,  
Not a shade to intervene,

Though, for once, the precious One  
Leaving thus, but not alone,  
Leaving watch'd and pleased too,  
By such loving friends\* as few  
Number theirs, while we have seen  
Paris, of all cities queen.

What, of all that we have seen,  
Has the spot of greenest been?  
Was it Louvre's treasures rare?  
Bois de Boulogne's promenade fair?  
Vast Versailles, with splendid show;  
Or the parks of Fontainebleau?  
No: our best delight, I ween,  
In St Germain's shades hath been.

There, amid those shades of green,  
There we spoke of things unseen,  
Lost the city in the shade  
That for such discourse seem'd made:  
Old St Germain's wreathing wood  
Seem'd to do our spirits good!  
Better e'en than city-queen,  
Now we love that ancient scene!

---

\* W. and M. C.

## MY SISTER, HANNAH BALL.

(DIED AT MOXLEY PARSONAGE, THE HOME OF  
A DEAR NIECE AND NEPHEW, IN 1861.)

SISTER and Aunt! in Jesus fall'n asleep!  
So bright in age, so loving, generous, free!  
The old and young, thy tender mourners,  
weep;  
Weep for themselves, while they rejoice  
for Thee!

---

## MY BROTHER, JOSEPH BALL.

SUNSET hath overtaken while I muse :

Profound the solitude and still the hour!  
A time for solemn thoughts—to thee they  
turn,  
Brother beloved, so lately from my sight,  
Hid in the grave! whose sun of life went down  
While yet 'twas day, whose sun of joy had set  
In earlier years, that o'er thy future way  
Had cast their shade, and paled a sunny mien,



As once my youth beheld, though dimm'd so  
long!

Deep memories of thy many griefs oppress  
The labouring heart, and fill the o'erflowing  
eye;

I cannot charm them, e'en with cheering trust  
That all are past, and thou at rest in heaven;  
They will not sleep, my Brother! till once  
more

With thee I grieve, and weep those griefs  
again,

In sympathy that overlives themselves,  
And faithful love, that, e'en when Thou art  
blest,

Remembers all thy woes, by lingering pains,  
Distressfully prolong'd; nor less I mourn  
That ocean roll'd between that scene and me,\*  
Forbade to share thy chamber's tender watch  
And soothing cares—to witness hopes that  
sprung

Within its gloom, and bore most precious fruit  
Of Christian trust, and consolation strong!

---

\* I was on the Continent.

---

## MY SISTER, SARAH WARING.

(ANNIVERSARY OF HER LOSS ; TEESDALE).

VANISH'D, but not forgot,  
Sister, thy weary lot  
This day absorbs my thought  
    And prompts a plaintive strain.  
These quiet banks of Tees  
Favour such memories  
As chequer hours of ease  
    With sense of former pain.

Ah ! that unwonted scene !  
Suffering and sorrow keen !  
Yet breaketh Hope between  
    The clouds, and beams around :  
Why, foremost to depart ?  
Thou, who so living wert,  
To life and friends thy heart  
    So intimately bound ?

Though Time roll on, unkind  
And ruthless as the wind,  
Or stream, that leaves behind  
    Nor heeds the dying rose,

Yet never shall its flow  
Be stainless of the woe  
That laid our brightest low  
    And mute in deep repose !

These lonely banks of Tees,  
Where early Autumn's breeze  
Untimely stirs the trees,  
    To seek a yellow leaf,  
Are solemn as serene,  
To me the very scene,  
For picturing what hath been,  
    And multiplying grief.

Loved sister—thou hadst sigh'd  
To think that Sorrow's tide  
Should swell, this eventide,  
    While musing thy decline :  
Rather let praise ascend !  
Thy pains thy heavenly Friend  
Who did the couch attend  
    Sooth'd, whispering "Thou art mine !"

---

## MY BROTHER, SAMUEL WARING.

BRIGHT was the early eve upon thy brow  
Malvern, once loved, lovely no more to me !  
When rapid wheels ascending thy steep side  
Were check'd to meet the message "all is o'er ;"  
The trembling hope to see him yet alive,  
To breathe the Saviour's name upon his ear,  
To share the whelming load of agony  
With her, bereft and widow'd and bow'd  
down,—

This hope, that struggled more as it expired,  
Dies in my heart, and chill the void it leaves:  
No need to hasten now ; slow may we climb  
This well-known hill ; nor feel our grief the  
less,

Approaching near the chamber where he lies,  
That laughing sunbeams dance the verdant  
slopes

And hay-time gives them life and joy and  
song.

He panted for these scenes that once  
restored

His wasted strength and every nerve new-  
strung :

Last hope and vain! for ere he reached this  
height

A heat was on his brow no breeze might cool!  
Partings are drear; but ah! what words shall  
paint

The meeting incomplete, a dear one miss'd  
The newly-dead, the late so fond, so gay,  
Stretch'd within sound of voices heard no  
more,

Greeted no more, and ne'er to greet again!  
Our griefs we mingle; silence fits them best:  
To Heaven we look, and trust his soul is there!  
Worcester! within thy walls his form we laid,  
But not beneath thy minster—not in ground  
Hallowed by man's device—a lowly spot,  
Own'd by the children of his people, gave  
Sepulture, only consecrate by Him  
Who, once descending, sanctified the grave  
And, rising, broke the seal of every tomb.

Around the parted sod the mourners stand  
In silence, eloquent of patient woe,  
Of will resign'd, of calm that Faith can shed  
O'er sorrow not bereft of gospel hope!  
No vested priest attends: the warning word,  
The voice of prayer, and e'en the notes of praise  
Rise from within the sorrowing kindred band,  
And these renewed when 'neath the simple roof,

Earth laid to earth, again in stillness met,—  
These stay the heart, compose its heaving  
depths,

And point an anchorage within the veil.

The funeral train disperse : Thou, most  
bereft,

My sister ! for a home resign'd with hope,  
Regain'd with all drear certainties of woe !  
Ah ! how shall fancy track thee to that home  
Of solitude so new, so desolate ?

Where all conspires to tear the recent wound,  
All objects waken piercing memories  
Of tender care—of love untouch'd by time  
And joint pursuit that by the union pleased.  
Each lesser luxury for thee devised

With heedful thought—The flowerets cultured  
last,

The book last read together, with the mark  
Placed by his hand, to be disturbed no more :  
Nor least the restless quest and sore complaint  
Of his poor dog, that, while he hails thee, still  
Doth miss his master, quieted in vain ;  
Nor knows his noisy grief exasperates thine !

---

MY SISTER REBECCA,  
WHO DIED IN CHILDHOOD.

YEARS dim not yet,  
Sister-companion of my nursery life !  
Thine image blent with all my childhood's joy,  
Associate in all little pleasures, pains,  
And griefs and fears of childhood—side by  
side,  
Save when thy small advance upon mine age  
Gave the first visit from our home to thee,  
Still side by side ; disparted but that once,  
Until the unintelligible grave,  
As then it was to me, in tender years,  
Hid from our eyes our loved and early dead !  
In that one absence from thine other self  
Thou couldst not rest till thou hadst made  
me share  
By large laborious print thy pleasures new :  
'Tis treasured still—cipher that Love engraved  
And Memory still can water with a tear.

---

## MY BROTHER, SAMUEL RUTTER.\*

FAR from his home, and yet to heaven so near!  
 From loved ones far, yet near to kindred dear!  
 Peace to this house! † may blessings from on  
 high

Rest on this home of Love and Sympathy!  
 May guardian wings of soft Protection keep  
 The friends who know to "weep with them  
 that weep;"

Whose aid in sorrow's hour consoled the Dead,  
 And on the mourners' wounds the balsam  
 shed!

Oh, if *your future*, friends beloved, must know  
 The day of sickness and of parting woe;  
 Then may your fainting, failing hearts receive  
 The help and solace that 'twas yours to give!  
 He, whom you love, when flesh and heart  
 decay,

Still be your strength and portion in *that day*!  
 Yes; you have cause to trust Him, He was  
 near

When yours and mine ‡ lay on her lowly bier!

---

\* Interred at Coalbrook Dale (his relatives assembling at Marnwood.

† Marnwood.

‡ My Aunt Reynolds.



Not seasons, nor fresh sorrows, nor this scene  
 I need to mind me of what *once hath been* !  
 What loss, what sorrow, shall I ever see,  
 Without some blended thoughts, loved Aunt,  
 of thee !  
 Peace to this house ! may blessings from on  
 high  
 Rest on this Home, and be for ever nigh.

---

### MY UNCLE, JOSEPH BALL.

OH happy days, when Dulwich saw  
 My step from London come  
 (Then a young pupil of the Law)  
 To gain my second home,  
 Fresh strength and solace, sure to draw,  
 Beneath Thy sheltering dome !

Much honour'd and more loved, who knew  
 To encourage as to soothe !  
 Who praised my verses (printed too !)  
 And patronised my youth—  
 Tribute of love to Thee is due,  
 But cannot reach the truth !

I see thee, still, as wont, to bow\*  
 My eager speech to gain,  
 The bland approval to bestow  
 Or gently to restrain!  
 Oh, joy! if it were granted now  
 To see Thee, thus, again!

Thy chapter, in its Greek, thou read,  
 Pondering the sacred line,  
 At morn—Then would thy reverend head  
 In listening guise incline;  
 Thy converse, of wide knowledge bred,  
 Could teach as well as shine.

And oft Thou badst our Uncle G,  
 Our Father, and our Aunt,†  
 To make a glad *Quartette* with Thee  
 For healthful summer jaunt:  
 And make the liveliest company  
 Of Tourists, then extant.

In Isle of Wight, or by the sea,  
 Or Cheltenham, at "The Plough,"  
 So costly!—when my Sire did see  
 The Bill, he cried,—“So, so,  
 Not only at The *Plough* are we,  
 But under Harrow, I trow!”

---

\* From extreme deafness.

† Reynolds.

Like joyous children were the Four  
Thus met, e'en to the last !  
They lost the Sixty years or more  
"Twixt present days and past—  
Yet shadows deep those years, threescore,  
Had o'er each pathway cast !

But oh, it was a joy to see  
Reciprocal delight  
Could bear them on so cheerily,  
And o'er each path shed light—  
To list the glee, the repartee,  
The wit and fancy bright !

Soft Thy decline, as Evening ray  
Upon the hill-top shed ;  
And, as upon thy funeral day  
A gifted speaker\* said,—  
"Death of such dear ones bids us pray  
To go where they have fled !"

---

\* E. Dudley.

---

## MY UNCLE, DR GAWEN BALL.

So grave! so given to weighty things!  
 Who would have guess'd what humour lay  
 Within, prepared for various play,  
 Like songs laid up in silent strings?

Companion loved, by old and young,  
 And Guardian, pious, learnèd, wise,  
 Yet loving shade—whose charities  
 Were hid, as fountain whence they sprung!

Why was that fount of feeling hid?  
 It sallied, when it seem'd asleep;  
 It struggled, if it did not leap  
 As though from surface-light forbid!

Cramp'd by self-judging harsh (I deem)  
 Were thy large powers of usefulness—  
 Yet, didst thou serve the Church, though  
 less  
 Than others, in thine own esteem.

In garb peculiar, not in thought—  
 The Gospel did thy heart enlarge—  
 Thou wouldst not change—but gave a charge  
 To me—"In this, copy me not!"

How peaceful, patient, in decay !  
 Enduring, with submission rare,  
 Dependence upon others' care,  
 While, long, the chariot did delay !

The Saviour's arm, felt though unseen,  
 Sustain'd thee as a leaning child,  
 Until He took thee from the wild  
 To upper fields of living green !

---

### MY AUNT, SUSAN ANSTICE.

Most beautiful through life ! in youth so fair,  
 Her bright young Sailor did deep passion  
 prove,  
 Loving as men in those old days did love,  
 Himself in beauty's mould : Pictorial Pair !  
 He listen'd to no plea, brook'd no delay,  
 But fled to Gretna with the prize away !  
 Her quiet home, what strange commotion  
 there !  
 Yet time works wonders : Parents, reconcil'd,  
 Find they but gain a Son, loving and mild.  
 The Sailor sails no more ; wins place, to spare  
 Leisure for Science : and to me a child,

How tender both, so oft, loved Aunt, thy  
care!  
I watch'd thy beauty 'neath the mulberry  
shade,  
And knew, e'en then, to give delight 'twas  
made!

---

## MY AUNT, HANNAH REYNOLDS.

## PART I.

SIMILITUDE and Sister of my Sire!  
How shall I tell thy love, or give thy due  
Of heartfelt praise, or paint thee as thou wert?  
Thine age of youthful grace; thy youthful  
soul,  
That years and griefs had mellow'd but not  
chill'd,  
Sprightly as childhood still: Yet oft the shade  
Of flying memories fled o'er thy brow,  
For sore bereavements had been thine, and  
woes  
That may not all be utter'd, and by thee  
Were never worn outside, and never made  
To darken joy: The passing shade itself  
Was sweeter far than others' light to me;  
And beauteous all thy colouring, varying still

With feeling's rapid changes, with the pulse  
 That gave more note of how it fared with us  
 Than with thyself: Oh 'twas enough of joy  
 To witness all thy winning ways, and all  
 Thine innocent delights: The very flowers  
 Minister'd pleasure to thine age; I see  
 Now as 'twere yesterday, I see thee stand  
 On that soft lawn, before thy portal spread,  
 Waiting our steps, to welcome us with flowers;  
 I see thee, ere the sunbeam drinks the dew,  
 Rifling, unbonneted, thy stores of bloom  
 To deck the morning meal: Thou lovedst still  
 Sweet flowers, as erst, when gather'd on the  
 bank

Of youthful day-dreams 'neath Hope's smiling  
 skies:

Yet, in his prime, the Husband of thy youth  
 Went down into a grave that open'd soon  
 To close upon thine eldest hope, a Son\*  
 E'en in his boyhood honour'd as thy stay,  
 And long deplored as well-beloved: Dumfries  
 Entombs his beauteous clay, and saw thee come  
 Worn with long hastening travel, and with  
 pangs

Of dire suspense, but just in time to note  
 The funeral mourners from his grave return:

---

\* William Reynolds.

His monumental stone (that rises nigh  
To the friezed pale that guards the dust of  
Burns)

Bearing just tribute to his early worth,  
Wails its lost promise with lament sincere !  
Again the opening grave, in quiet days,  
When wounds so slow of cure began to heal,  
Receives his treasured Brother ;\* trouble came  
Most unforeseen, from one, who till that hour  
Had never dimm'd his doting mother's eye !  
Calais ! thy gloomy battlements inclose  
The manly form that fell in sight of home,  
His travels done, arrested by the grasp  
Of Fever's might, that sudden barrier set  
Against the home-sick wanderer's return :  
In vain across the frith his wishes fly,  
Alone he languish'd, and he died alone !

What wonder, then, that oft some secret  
spell  
Of sadness, drawn from springs unseen, doth  
bind  
Thy smiles—and well-nigh loose the fount of  
tears ;  
Till, dread to grieve the living with thy grief  
Remands the vision of thy buried ones

---

\* Michael Reynolds.



To closet hours of solitary woe !  
 What wonder that foreboding thoughts pursue  
 Their sole surviving Brother,\* far away  
 On foreign shores—though all that love can do  
 With quick conceit of tender arts to soothe,  
 Thy duteous Daughter's† watchful care per-  
 forms,

Nor doth she watch in vain ; full-well repaid  
 With smiles of gratified and solaced love,  
 And prompt dismissal of the transient gloom.

Here, at thy sweet abode on Severn's side,  
 That flows reflecting Benthall's greenwood  
 height

We linger, long-detai'd by sore relapse  
 That e'en thy care defies, though sooth'd by  
 thee ;

Though late and early dost thou watch : I  
 wake

And see thy morn-rob'd form forestall the  
 dawn,

A minister to anticipate each want,  
 And bless the day begun with sight of thee ;  
 Thou bring'st thyself the tiny morning cup,  
 Foretaste of breakfast, by old custom served  
 In chamber of thy guests, with bounteous care :

\* Joseph Reynolds, now also departed.

† Susan Reynolds (afterwards Bartlett.)

I start in night's first dream, and thou art  
near,

A watching spirit then to guard our rest,  
And breathe some word upon the half-closed  
ear

Of sacred text, and bid our latest thought  
Ascend to Him, with whom on earth to wake  
Is joy begun, with whom to wake in heaven  
Is joy perfected, and for ever sure !

## PART II.

LOVELY and pleasant though she moved  
In daily life—loving, beloved,  
Not hence we trust that death hath proved  
To her the door of joy !

It is not that she shared her store  
With needy ones ; nor, what is more,  
Gave to the sorrowful and poor  
Her balmy sympathy—

Nor that, unmindful of things great,  
She stoop'd to those of low estate,  
Was little in her own conceit,  
Content to be pass'd by—

Nor that, by force of meekness strong,  
 Her charity could suffer long,  
 Sought not her own, endured wrong,  
     Hoped all that ought to be—

Not these make up, though all are good,  
 Our confidence—but that she bow'd  
 With contrite awe before her God  
     In faith's humility !

That she to Christ for refuge fled,  
 Warn'd by the voice that-wakes the dead,  
 And on the Stone in Zion laid,  
     Built for eternity !

My almost-mother well I know,  
 That time alone thy loss can show,  
 As on we trace a path below,  
     Unsun'n'd, uncheer'd, by thee.

*Unique* in beauty, in the ray  
 Of wit, that charm'd both grave and gay,—  
 Thy like, loved Aunt, to life's last day  
     We ne'er again shall see !

Then Sister-friend ! my heart and thine,  
 Yes, thee and thine, with me and mine,  
 Close let her precious memory twine  
     With ever-strengthening tie !

Let holier sanctions seal the bond :  
 Oh, let us to the voice respond  
 That bids us look the grave beyond,  
 And fix our hearts on high !

---

## HANNAH MARY RATHBONE :

(DAUGHTER OF RICHARD REYNOLDS.)

NEARER was friendship, e'en than kindred  
 near,

Betwixt my Sire and Her whose love,  
 whose truth

So tender and so faithful, from their youth,  
 Shed joy and solace o'er his life's career ;  
 And cast mild radiance through her ample  
 sphere !—

Of her bright Sons, the Elder's light, alone,  
 Still shines !—*Richard*, the loved and gra-  
 cious, gone !

*Theodore*, the late so living, is not here !

Soon fell my early friend, yet unforgot,

*Benson*, so able, ripe, of earnest thought !

While yet remains the Daughter, held so  
 dear !—

The retrospect, though touching, wants not  
cheer ;

For, Prayer was following each, through  
Time's dim vale,

Prayer of the Righteous, that can still pre-  
vail !

---

JOSEPH REYNOLDS :

(SON OF RICHARD REYNOLDS.)

A LIGHT is from the kindred sphere removed !  
One, from my youth, who still fresh kind-  
ness show'd,

At length, though lingering long, hath trod  
the road

Whence none return—regretted and beloved!

With equal mind, affliction sore he proved,

Of “wife of youth” bereaved, of children too!

*Thomas!* with whom, in early days, I roved

Through Ford's\* wide woodland, *Thomas!*

in my view

Best and most loveable of all I knew,

So oft the dear companion of our home!—

And “dislocated” *John!* who ever threw

---

\* Richard Reynolds's plantations at Ford.

The backward glance, wherever he might  
 roam,  
 On loved, lost Shropshire!—and, in dear re-  
 view,  
 Art thou, *Rebecca!* Sister-Friend so true!

---

JOSEPH ANSTICE.

YOUNG MINSTREL, beautiful in mien and mind!  
 Devoting on Heaven's shrine thy spirit's  
 fire,  
 Inheriting fine feeling, taste refined,  
 Not from thy Sire\* alone, but from his  
 Sire †  
 Too soon, in the still tomb, reposed thy lyre  
 Ere to full promise of rare power it grew  
 For Zion's song! not hung on willow-tree,  
 In hope of sweet relapse to minstrelsy,  
 But in the stifling gloom of Death's chill yew!  
 Yet, Lord, the mourners praise Thee—Even  
 She,  
 Bereaved of such Companionship, can praise,  
 That, He, the Husband of her bright youth,  
 knew,

---

\* William Anstice.

† My Uncle, Robert Anstice.

'Mid wealth of other lore, 'mid prosperous  
 days,—  
 “Thou art the Sinner's Friend, gracious and  
 true !” \*

---

MY COUSIN, JOHN BARTLETT,  
 (OF MARNWOOD, COALBROOK-DALE.)

PART I.

LOVED friend and loving—must it be  
 We part so soon ?—amid our woe  
 To thee, to live was Christ, we know,  
 And know, to die is gain, to thee !  
 Oh ! large of heart, of spirit free,  
 Whom never any bond could chain,  
 That fetter'd mind ! ne'er, ne'er again  
 Shall I thy living likeness see !  
 Wise speech was thine, fine taste, warm  
 love :—  
 Thine other Self ! the severing blow  
 Piercing her heart, She bendeth low,  
 Yet still hath anchorage above !  
 And, at her Saviour's bidding, She  
 Can “lose her life,” † treasured in Thee !

---

\* Joseph Anstice's Hymns.

† Col. iii. 3.

## PART II.

## ON MARNWOOD TERRACE.

OUR life, if this were all our life, how vain !  
The work of their own hands survives the  
dead !  
The very trees he planted shall remain !  
His " Study " -Roses shall renew their red !  
But holier life outlives the sacred dust,  
And better works the dying saint survive,  
The spotless name, the memory of the just,  
Whom Faith beholds as still in Christ alive !  
His works shall follow to his rest on high ;  
Sweet rest ! of well-spent day the blissful  
close ;  
To us remains his blessèd memory,  
Fresh as the tree, and fragrant as the rose !

## PART III.

MARNWOOD'S MASTER, WHERE IS HE ?

SEVERN, Severn ! winding, winding  
To the main, through vale and lea,  
Marnwood's beauty o'er thee shining,  
Marnwood's master, where is he ?—



I am flowing, I am flowing  
 To the ocean as of yore ;  
 But the place, that once was knowing  
 Marnwood's master, knows no more !

Oft his prayer in Summer's glowing  
 Seem'd to mingle with my flow ;  
 Oft I saw in Winter's snowing,  
 Saw him to the cottage go :  
 All his hope in Jesus centred,  
 He belongs to Jesus still :  
 He hath enter'd, he hath enter'd  
 On the joys of Sion-hill.

Severn, Severn ! winding, winding  
 To the main, through vale and lea,  
 Marnwood's beauty o'er thee shining,  
 Marnwood's mistress,\* where is she ?—  
 Sitting lone, but unrepining,  
 Not to murmur, but to pray,  
 And to mark his pathway, shining  
 More and more to perfect day !

To retrace, with deep thanksgiving  
 All the way that he was led,  
 And to picture with the living  
 Whom the world accounteth dead—

---

\* My Cousin, Susan (Reynolds) Bartlett.

Living, where for pain is pleasure,  
 Sight for faith, and praise for prayer,  
 Still united, for Her treasure  
 Is with Him, and Jesus, there !

---

### MY COUSIN, SARAH ALLEN.

COMPANION of the immediate circle, long  
 As memory, stretch'd to utmost, can retrace !  
 Loved Friend of our loved Mother's earlier  
 days,  
 Friend of her children—held, our band among,  
 As Sister of our Parents, and held dear  
 For their sakes and thine own ! The faith-  
 ful tear  
 Will start, remembering Thee—thy power to  
 charm  
 In converse, sparkling as thy heart was warm  
 With love, that shed its glow throughout  
 thy sphere ;  
 Thine intellect so bright : judgment so clear ;  
 Friendship so firm, and sympathy so true—  
 Blent with the Saviour's love to Him that  
 drew !—  
 Sweet thoughts of Thee, tempering the loss  
 severe,  
 Still fall upon my heart like Hermon's dew !

## PRISCILLA HANNAH GURNEY.

SUCH perfect mould of woman's face,  
 Such lineaments, benign, serene,  
 Such beauteous form and angel mien,  
 With sanctity of heavenly grace,  
 Earth, at its best, hath rarely seen !  
 All these in memory I retrace,  
 Pictured, as Time can ne'er deface,  
 Within the inmost chamber-scene  
 Of this poor heart, in love to thee,  
 Still faithful, dear maternal friend !  
 Who, in my youth didst condescend  
 My Guide and Intimate to be !  
 Thy friends, thy Lord, loved to the end,  
 And served with faithful ministry !

---

 MY COUSIN, ANNE FRY.

THE world forgets, or I too long  
 Have lived : the Church unmindful too,  
 Or still would have thee more in view,  
 Skilful in song, in Zion's song ;  
 Thy Saviour's "statutes" thy delight ;  
 Thy "songs," through all thy pilgrimage !  
 Loyal to Him from youth to age

With all thy powers of varied might !  
 How have I seen thee oft engage  
     To work for Him, in paths unknown,  
     Who leads the blind ; puts forth His own  
 And led thee to thy life's last stage !  
     When, in a moment, life was gone  
     To Heaven, as by translation, flown !

---

PRISCILLA HANNAH FRY.\*

PART I.

WHEN grief, by resignation taught,  
 Its balm in heavenly aid hath sought,  
     And inmost sorrow's deeper thrill  
 Sounds fitful, from the heart-string brought,  
     As memory wakes it still.

Then friendship can resume the power,  
 That falter'd in th' o'erwhelming hour,  
     To bless the hand that takes—that gave—  
 And e'en essays to strew the flower  
     Over the new-made grave.

Well may I friendship's part fulfil,  
 From childhood wont, o'er dale and hill,

---

\* The first taken of four sisters, my dear friends and relatives, (daughters of Joseph Storrs, and Anne Fry, of Frenchay,) now all departed: the three others, briefly commemorated in the following piece.

Or through the home-fields bordering  
"GROVE,"  
With that young band, unbroken, still  
In summer-days to rove.

Controll'd of heaven, though sorrow's tide  
Awhile to seeming calm subside ;  
How may the fondly-shrinking eye  
Afresh the scene of woe abide,  
And keep its lustre dry ?

Who hath watch'd Death, the fading clay  
Consign to cold obstruction's sway,  
So late with life and beauty warm ;  
Nor flinch'd to see him on his way  
E'en in his gentler form ?

And *here*, he came, not like the stroke  
Of forkèd brand that rends the oak ;  
But like the stealthy breeze he sped,  
Scattering the bloom that morning woke  
Upon the rose's bed.

Not in the earthquake—nor the flame—  
Nor whirlwind's blast—nor bolt's dread aim,  
Unerring, shot from cloud-built dome ;  
But, like a "still small voice" he came  
To call the spirit home.

Yes ; 'twas to no strange land it fled,  
But *home*, to rest, to rapture, led ;  
A place its Saviour's love prepared :  
Then well may friendship lift the head  
In hope, with sorrow, shared !

## PART II.

STILL of her woe would Friendship sing,  
Still trace the desolating hour  
That spoil'd the pearl of all her string,  
The purest brilliant from her ring,  
And from her wreath, fresh-blossoming  
A fair and fragrant flower.

What though the flower new tints display,  
Unfolding in the courts above ?  
What though the pearl with purer ray,  
And bright'ning gem, shall grace that day  
When Heaven shall marshal in array  
The jewels of its love ?

What though the friend we loved so well,  
In that safe land be happier far,  
In peace, in joy, ineffable ?  
And though the lovely form that fell  
A fading flower, (as poets tell)  
Shall rise a quenchless star ?

Yet long with memory linger o'er  
The sod where those we cherish'd sleep ;  
Yet Friendship while she trusts that, more  
Than lost, the future shall restore,  
Must still the present grief deplore,  
Still, parents, sisters, weep.

Yes ; for she blended many a claim  
Upon our love—the cultured mind  
Deck'd but for us, nor asking fame ;  
A heart that own'd each generous aim ;  
The social glow, the friendly flame,  
With tenderer ties combined.

And she, whom all our hearts bewail,  
Return'd our love, like the sweet flower  
Scarce seen, e'en in her native dale,  
That seldom quits her leafy veil,  
Nor gives her fragrance to the gale,  
But keeps it for her bower.

'Tis sweet to think her lot below  
Was happy, innocent, though gay,—  
That still with joy her cheek would glow  
Save in those hours, that all should know,  
When Pity bade the tear to flow,  
Or Piety bore sway.

And if a thorn her path o'erspread,  
'Twas turn'd aside with meek address—  
So bright, so good, was the lost maid !  
Yet, 'tis not thus our hope is stay'd,  
But that on Him her help was laid,  
“Mighty to save” and bless !

---

ANNA AND HENRIETTA J. FRY ; AND  
CAROLINE DOYLE.

IMPULSIVE, but so candid still,  
Anna ! the generous, faithful friend,  
In love that knew nor bound, nor end,  
Nor chill, save the last deathful chill !  
And Henrietta's poet-mind,  
Most like her mother's, vanish'd now !  
The glancing eye, the illumin'd brow,  
The taste, so cultured and refined !  
And Caroline ! from foreign land  
To heavenly home, departed too !  
The grave that hid them from our view  
Ne'er closed o'er brighter Sister-band !  
But they have join'd the sainted dead,  
Their happier lot forbids to grieve !  
Nor those who love the friends they leave  
Will let them doubt where they are fled !



## ANNA MARIA (PHELPS) WALKER.

CHILD of our mother's dearest Friend !\*

Sister in heart, in kindred near,  
And dear in life, dear to the end,  
And in remembrance dear !

Beloved from youth : Companion then  
With all thy goodness, freshness, glee !  
The more I knew of things and men  
The more I valued thee !

Was e'er such genial nature seen  
With genuine godliness to dwell ?  
I loved the Church the more, I ween,  
For loving thee so well—

For wise discerning, through the play,  
And frankness of thy mien and air,  
The fitness underneath that lay,  
Her offices to bear.

Bright was thy day—but, ah ! an eve  
Of lingering, clouding, pains was thine !  
And did the humbling lesson leave,  
How brightness may decline !

---

\* Sarah (Dinham) Phelps.

But light was on thy westering sky,  
 The cloud to fringe, if not pervade,  
 With token of a radiance nigh  
 To scatter all the shade !

---

REBECCA BYRD.

So Abbess-like to my young thought,  
 So solemn, stately, taciturn !  
 But really, nor severe nor stern,  
 For Grace, in Her, effectual wrought.  
 Yet She, and her Companion true,\*  
 Had left, on childhood's memory,  
 No impress, but that social tie  
 The twain within our circle drew.  
 Her portrait memory still doth keep  
 Sainly and pale—Her ministry  
 Not doctrinal, but flowing free  
 From fountain of Experience deep.  
 Type of the worthies, who of old  
 Hail'd fuller truth, nor deem'd it new,  
 Hail'd gospel truth† in open view,  
 Themselves cast in the gospel mould !

---

\* Deborah Darby.

† W. and R. Byrd were deeply interested also in missionary labours.

As if foreboding many a wound  
For one,\* now also with the dead,  
She gave him wine of cheer ; and said,  
“This fruitful bough will be well pruned !”

The Friend to whom, so long ago,  
She spoke this utterance, told it me :  
—Oh for the breadth and charity  
These deeper ancients thus could show !

Grellet, and Hutchinson,† and more  
Than can my failing pen recall  
Of elder type, would, one and all,  
These modern jealousies ignore.

Such righteous ones, from coming ill,  
Were taken ! In their beds they rest,  
Each one in their uprightness blest,‡  
And by the Church remember'd still !

---

\* J. J. Gurney.

‡ Isaiah lvii. 1, 2.

† Jonathan Hutchinson, of Gedney.

## RICHARD PHILLIPS.

My Father's Friend, a lasting trace  
Upon my memory leaves,  
Nor shall, unnoted, want a place  
In lays affection weaves.

How quick his humour—quick as thought,  
How bright his fancy's ray !  
For godliness destroyeth not  
The spirit's native play.

E'en in his age this healthful bloom  
Of soul would re-appear,  
As spring-like days in winter come  
With April's smile and tear.

The call to minister, he heard,  
Obedient to His will  
Who treasure pours, as Sovereign Lord,  
In earthen vessels still !

Nor chooses those without a flaw,  
Nor those that may not break ;  
This, of His house, the law—a law  
Man's wisdom would not make !

How did his melted soul rejoice,  
 In faith and feeling strong,  
 When Zion's themes inspired his voice  
 That burst into her song!

And now, when o'er bereavement sore  
 The Church, despondent, grieves!  
 Be Her's his watch-word—"Evermore  
 The dear Redeemer lives!"

---

### GEORGE WITHY.

A BOANERGES for the name  
 And cause of Jesus! Scourge of all  
 The legal, or the mystical,  
 Or boasters of self-righteous claim.

His gospel instinct could perceive  
 Of heresy the specious snare,  
 That captive took the unaware;  
 And could the sophist's mesh unweave!

The thunder of his gifted speech  
 Scatter'd the foes of Christ—nor less  
 Could he dissolve in tenderness  
 By heavenly mercies to beseech!

Of presence rough, and language curt !  
And yet, to me, so mild, benign—  
So fearful lest the oil and wine  
Of the young offerer should be hurt !

Though we could, scanty, in those days,  
E'en in the Church, place trust in men .  
Fathers and Mothers, even then,  
Were found the drooping head to raise.

“Him will I own, who owneth me !”—  
How glorious, then, and how complete,  
As thou, thy crown, casts at His feet,  
The owning, by thy Lord, of Thee !

---

### MARY HOLBROW.

A BEAUTIFUL old age was hers, and beautiful  
decay,  
Long had her spirit humbly dwelt with God  
from day to day,  
Yet even this poor life to her a pleasant pro-  
spect show'd,  
Its darker lines lost in the hues of so much  
good bestow'd.  
“Tell me, my friend, who, to the last, beside  
my bed wilt stand,

Is he, I have waited for so long, is kindly  
Death at hand?"

"It may be scarce an hour—the pulse hath  
nearly ceased to beat"—

"Then Lord! I bless Thee, that Thou mak'st  
my dying bed so sweet."

Composed, as to invited sleep, the aged Chris-  
tian lay,

With Jesus' name upon her lips her spirit  
pass'd away.

So bright a close, the learn'd, the wise, too  
oft have sought in vain;

She Christ had learn'd—and that He died  
for her, and rose again!

Oh, let me live, in holy fear, like her, and  
humble trust,

Too near to God to doubt His care for children  
of the dust—

In child-like faith that, through His love, in  
Christ, He will provide

All that *they* need, in life, in death, for whom  
the Saviour died!

Such daily life, though to the eye, of man,  
so dull and mean,

Doth glory win by constant gaze upon the  
"things unseen."

Through all her troubles and the cares of  
age's late employ,  
Her cheerfulness was fed by springs of Zion's  
holy joy—  
She trusted in the Cross, beheld by Faith's  
revealing ray,  
And in the Saviour's power to keep her soul  
"against that day."  
So let me live, till life shall fail, though  
stretch'd to evening dim,  
That I may die her peaceful death, and fall  
asleep in Him!

---

E. S.

(A YOUNG MAN WHO WAS TAKEN OFF BY A  
RAPID FEVER.)

THE anguish most intense  
No graceful utterance knows,  
And grief assumes not eloquence  
To speak the bosom's woes.  
Though murmuring run the cheerful rill,  
The deeper water, dark and chill,  
In sullen stillness flows.



Could grief be eloquent  
In strain of harmony,  
E'en I had made tuneful lament,  
When death had closed the eye  
Of him whom cherish'd thoughts endear ;  
Yet, ah ! my speech was but a tear—  
My eloquence—a sigh.

But when the floods, that fill  
Its bed, have pass'd away,  
The sullen tide in cheerful rill  
Again shall murmuring play :  
E'en so—'tis when my sorrows sink  
To calm submission's lowly brink  
My heart can pour the lay.

Yet, though the first deep woe  
Subdued and chasten'd be,  
Think not, dear shade ! my heart can know  
Forgetfulness of thee ;—  
While Nature, whom thou lov'dst so well,  
Invests each object with a spell  
To wake thy memory !

Thee, spring's young bud recalls,  
That faded ere it blew—  
Thee, summer's opening flower, that falls  
Ere deck'd with half its hue—

And thee, the autumn leaf so pale,  
That flies on winter's driving gale,  
My lonely path to strew.

But though the fatal blow  
Might seem in judgment given,  
And fever's flame, that laid thee low,  
By wrathful whirlwind driven ;  
Yet, oh ! might not the spirit aspire,  
E'en in that fearful car of fire,  
Borne on the blast—to heaven !

Thus, in the fate I mourn,  
Hath hope with sorrow met—  
And if, amid this dark sojourn,  
Thou hoverest, lingering yet,  
'Twill soothe thee—that my heart—my lay  
To thee are faithful, till for aye,  
My sun, like thine, be set !

---

A. F. P.

(THE SUDDEN BEREAVEMENT.)

ONE hour of terror and suspense,  
One hour, that shrouded every sense  
In thunder-cloud of bursting woe,

That shiver'd, as with earthquake shock,  
All that had seemed the stable rock  
Of happiness below !

Unconscious of the opening tomb  
She lies, in more than wonted bloom,  
(Such guise the fatal ail attends)  
Of labouring breath the parting strife  
Alone gives sign that failing life  
Beneath the pressure bends.

So sharp the assault, He scarce believes  
Whom most the unlook'd-for stroke bereaves,  
That Death doth stand within the door :—  
Judge not his wild and troubled mood !  
Still to exist is fortitude,  
If she must live no more !

All, all rush in—the children too,  
Wailing and shuddering at the view,  
In that confusèd hour of fear,  
From babe to manly youth, whose eye,  
Unless to see such mother die,  
Should never drop the tear.

They throng, till life's last breath is drawn :  
One violent burst ! and all are gone !  
How swiftly Death makes solitude !

So late, too many crowded round :—  
Silence and loneliness profound  
Now o'er that chamber brood.

As strange eclipse entombs the day,  
Home's pleasant picture fades away !  
Ah, why in human hearts so keen  
The sense of severance, that hath come  
Like desert-blast of dread simoom,  
To desolate the scene ?

We know not.—But who, patient, turns  
The page of mortal life, discerns  
That, pass'd the burst of Grief's fresh hour,  
Affliction gives the soul to see  
Into the blessèd mystery  
Of Faith's sustaining power !

E'en in a Home the most bereft,  
By that loved wife and mother left,  
As anguish ebb'd, calm trust flow'd in,  
That painless death to her could show  
A near path, freed from parting woe,  
That led Heaven's gate within !

When Hope ascends the grave beyond  
Mellowing regrets and memories fond,  
Soothing the mourner's troubled breast,

Its depths subside ; subdued, serene,  
 It learns no more on earth to lean,  
 The world no more its rest !

No farther is it given to man  
 The mystery of life to scan,  
 Its transient joy, its frequent woe !  
 His part, in trustful love to bow,  
 Assured that what he knows not know  
 Hereafter he shall know !

---

THOMAS CLARKSON.

A GREAT man falls this day,  
 Strong to befriend the slave, to break his  
 chain ;  
 By dint of Pity, strong, to brave the array  
 Of proud oppression's reign.

He was the hero true  
 Who clung to Right unmoved—to whom  
 'twas given  
 When Wrong prevail'd, the combat to renew,  
 Trusting in Truth and Heaven.

The warrior's blazonry  
 Fills Earth's deluded gaze, while angels  
 frown ;

But Clarkson's deeds, of love and peace, to  
see

Approving Heavens look down.

Tell not of costly shrines,  
Or Sculptor's art, chartering his praise to  
Time,

His record is on high : Be work that shines  
Like His, his meed sublime—

A nation's work of love  
Not to consign his matchless deeds to Fame  
Alone, but to repeat them and to prove  
Herself worthy his name.

A name that scatters light  
And teaching on his times—proclaims abroad  
How one just man may serve and stablish  
Right  
By faith that works for God !

---

### RICHARD COCKIN.

His reverend head and patriarch form,  
Long known, and well-remember'd still ;  
His heart so loving, large, and warm—  
Not even wintry age could chill !

The solace of his even-tide

Was still to commune with the friend  
He could not meet, and far and wide  
The written proof of love to send.

The cause of Christ to him so dear—

To read of mission-work gave birth  
With him to joyfulness—and prayer,  
That it might reach the ends of earth.

His Church (no more a fountain seal'd),

How had this Patriarch joy'd to see  
Taking her part in mission-field  
Of India, Iceland, Italy!

How this had cheer'd that aged heart,

That Valiant on the Saviour's side!  
Who early chose the "better part,"  
And, in the Faith, both lived and died!

---

C. J.

EVEN SO, COME, LORD JESUS.—Rev. xxii. 20.

SACRED the theme that death-bed gave!

And ill my pencil skills to paint  
The triumph o'er the vanquish'd grave,  
The transit of the ascending saint.

Death, hastening on, to shade the scene,  
Shook chilly air from sombre plume,  
But holy Faith with eye serene  
Shot the bright glance that pierced the  
gloom—

The Saviour in the midst espied,  
Before whose face all shadows flee ;  
“ Oh, I am ready, Come,” she cried,  
“ Jesus, I rise, I spring to Thee !”

She meets Him—Ah ! still grant one gaze !  
A crown, a harp of gold He gives ;  
Low at His feet the crown she lays,  
But strikes the harp to sound His praise  
For her who died ! For her who lives !

---

S. W.

HE pants to gain that lofty brow,  
To breathe its gale once more ;  
No breeze of earth can help him now,  
No nether spring restore.

A holier air was breathed around  
With healing on its wing ;  
Saviour ! in Thee his help he found,  
In Thee his living spring.



Of saving health and cure he tastes,  
His contrite soul to Thee  
In faith, with all its burden, hastes  
From coming wrath to flee.

Mercy forbids him still to tread  
Temptation's restless scene ;  
With toils and snares so thickly spread,  
And sorrows set between.

Yet shall we mourn, 'till memory cease,  
For one, whose soul combined  
Those fervid powers to serve—to please,  
We ne'er again may find !

The generous friend, of open mien  
And hand, who loved the right,  
Nor err'd, till beaming eyes had seen  
The future all too bright !

He shuts those eyes on Earth : they stand  
And watch, a sorrowing few—  
Hinder him not ! Immanuel's land  
Is opening to his view.

Not long a soul, ripe for release  
'Midst snares and pains delays :  
Oh let him rest, where all is peace,  
Deliverance, joy, and praise !

## JOHN WHITE MIDDELTON.

HIS speech, devoted to the cause  
 Of God, and of His Bible, still  
 Dwells on mine ear, with its rich thrill  
 Of eloquence, that wonder draws.—  
 Weird tale, that childhood charms and awes,  
 On Fairy favour'd lips bestows  
 To drop the diamond or the rose  
 Whene'er they part—and his did seem,  
 To my young wonder at their store,  
 Touch'd by such wand of fairy-dream  
 Their wealth of gems and flowers to pour!  
 Admired in public, honour'd more  
 In Norton's shade—my home oft made  
 Of winning love and teaching lore!

---

## SOPHIA (JOHN W.) MIDDELTON.

THE bird that stricken hies  
 To the deep shade to pour her note of woe,  
 Smote by the shaft that flies  
 Aim'd from the point where least she fear'd a  
 foe.

Might deem the solace sweet  
Should some like victim droop the wounded  
wing,

Within her lone retreat,  
The answering lay of kindred woe to sing.

Ah! if it thus might be,  
Well might I pierce the gloom around thee  
spread

With note of sympathy—  
For late my soul her brightest plumes hath shed.

Stern Truth, with stealthy glide,  
Hath stolen unwelcome on her youthful way,  
And spoil'd her wings of pride  
Of many a brilliant hue, and feather gay.

Then grant it thus to be,  
While kindred musings prompt my rustic  
voice ;

—I'd rather mourn with thee  
Than with the rest, though they be dear,  
rejoice !

But thy regrets and pains  
Are solaced by the balm of Gilead's land :

Never thy grief complains :  
Let me, sweet meekness learn, and self-com-  
mand !

*P.S.*—Thy Lord, than Gilead's, gave  
A better land : Fruition needs no balm !  
    Though sad, to me, thy grave,  
I would not wake thee from its sacred calm !

---

## ELIZABETH AGNEW.

OH say no more,\* while waiting round  
    The lingering Graces fondly stay  
That the Aonian maids are found  
    Less true than they !

No ; for their wreath around thy head  
    Was ne'er more bright, and still shall glow  
Fadeless, though Time doth o'er it shed  
    His wintry snow.

'Tis with perennial sweets imbued,  
    And deathless hues adorn the flowers ;  
Else were the immortal maids subdued,  
    And vain their powers.

E'en Time himself shall grateful shun  
    His ravage o'er their gift to bring ;  
For well he knows "from thee he won  
    His fleeting wing."

---

\* That she was "too old to write verses."

And is there fairer scene below  
 Than when the brow, to heaven allied,  
 Shows heavenly tinctures on its snow  
 At Eventide !

*P.S.*—She sleeps ! low lies,—where others lie,  
 Friends of my youth, her soul-lit brow :  
 Where now those friends, and Echoes sigh  
 Where art they now !

---

WALTER OKE EDYE.

THE skies have wept their fill,  
 Have dried their tears to put on smiles again ;  
 And I, though pensive still,  
 The clouds of grief dispersed, no more com-  
 plain.

For pallid Sickness flees,  
 Driven from thy couch—and all my fears are  
 gone ;

While Joy reviving sees  
 Bright Health, in grateful turn, come trip-  
 ping on.

And Time comes round this morn\*  
 In wonted course ; oh, we will stay his flight,

---

\* His birthday, after his illness.

His shaven brow adorn  
In honour of the day, with flow'rets bright.

New dress his wing of grey  
With the gay plumes that Hope and Fancy  
lend,  
Send him in smiles away,  
Fain o'er the flowers his happier path to wend.

*P.S.*—For Thee, young friendship's flame  
Glow'd bright : years sped their course : till  
with dismay

I glanced Thy well-known name  
Among the dead !—Thus pass my friends  
away !

---

O. L.

THERE THE WEARY ARE AT REST.

AMONG his native hills he grew,  
Their sweetest, saddest child—  
On him, beloved the valley through,  
Fondness and Pity smiled ;  
The forms sublime of beauty wild  
His youthful heart impress'd,

And dream on dream, by Fancy piled,  
Denied his spirit rest.

He wept in joyless solitude,  
Vain hopes and wishes cross'd,  
While self-reproach would darkly brood  
O'er useless days and lost ;  
And heavier thoughts, a fearful host  
In penal horrors dress'd,  
Roll'd on to whelm the tempest-toss'd  
And dash his hopes of rest.

The sweetest minstrel of the wood  
May fall, the falcon's prey ;  
The blight may seize the fairest bud  
Or blossom's best array ;  
The rock, that meets the current's way,  
May stillest rill arrest,  
And Sorrow's desolating sway  
May shatter Virtue's rest.

His bark the billows overpass'd,  
'Twas rifted 'mid their strife,  
And trembling hands its anchor cast  
To grasp the Rock of Life :  
The faithful soul, though tempests drive,  
Points to its Saviour's breast,  
Thence, thence, alone can hope revive  
For wave-toss'd ones, of rest !

Loved friend and mourn'd ! our teacher be  
E'en out of depths so low !

The strong, the wise, may learn of Thee,  
Where hope alone may grow.

Believing hearts ('twas thine to know,  
Though sorrows oft oppress'd,)

Provide the only spot below  
Where heavenly Peace will rest.

His church beneath his native hills  
Stands shelter'd in the dale ;

They bear him there, and sadness fills  
Each heart that knows the tale :

With one consent of common wail  
The country-side, distress'd,

Following his flock that throng the vale,  
Meet round his chosen rest.

The yew he set his grave adorns,

Wet with the mountain shower,

His pastor mild the dalesman mourns,  
And tufts it with the flower.

That grave shall oft at evening hour

By mourner's steps be press'd,

Fain over him fresh grief to pour,  
Who taught the way to rest.

Still through the dale his lessons ring,

Though dropp'd from faltering tongue ;



In bitterness of soul, the string  
 He woke to Zion's song :  
 Now borne, from wildering thorns among,  
 Home to the Shepherd's breast,  
 He rests—now to himself belong  
 The joys of Gospel rest.

Now, free as his own mountain wind,  
 That fondly breathes to wave  
 The flower, by duteous hands and kind,  
 Set o'er his honour'd grave ;  
 The weary, by One strong to save,  
 Redeem'd, in spotless vest,  
 Exults in Him who ransom gave,  
 And shares his glorious rest !

---

DR ARNOLD.

Snatch'd from the loftiest uses of life's prime !  
 ARNOLD ! the summons that bereaves thine  
 hearth  
 Doth quench a light of learning, talent,  
 worth,  
 And unsway'd truth, that dignified thy time !  
 The wail of home (ne'er grieved by thee  
 before)

That bitter wail thy country's heart re-  
turns :

But faith ascends o'er sorrow, and discerns  
Thy rest in Christ upon the heavenly shore :  
Though ne'er again to rove thy Loughrigg o'er,  
Though Rothay's bank no more thy foot-  
step know,  
The breath of Zion-hill "delights thee more,"  
For thee Life's river shall for ever flow !  
Could Earth detain the soul whose glance  
sublime  
Saw glory opening from that upper clime ?

---

F. M.

THY silent griefs, loved Friend, shall claim a  
tear,

Free as the raindrop, frequent as the dew !

Nor shalt thou want one faithful hand to  
strew

A flower of mournful song upon thy bier.

Dark was thy cheerless passage to the tomb,  
Dark were the clouds that hover'd o'er thy  
soul ;

But sure, though late, the beam of mercy  
 stole  
 With "light at even-tide" to pierce its gloom.  
 Faith bids surrender to our God of Love,  
 In humble trust the trembling spirit fled—  
 Its dreary walk below, a path that led  
 To new and stedfast joys laid up above !  
 It led through thorns and briars—a wild of  
 woe,  
 It call'd for patience in the painful race :  
 But was not Tribulation found the place  
 To meet the Lamb, and wash the robe as  
 snow ?

---

D. F.

(On receiving, in remembrance of a Friend, a copy of  
 "The Golden Treasury" (in which the portions here  
 cited were marked as the *last* read by her before her  
 sudden death.)

OH, words of comfort these for thee !  
 Nor less for those who tenderly  
 Lament thy vacant place !  
 To think the latest Scripture line  
 Thou pondered'st, aim'd with kind design  
 To raise thy heart in hope divine  
 Ere finishing thy race !

Though "poor and needy," nigh to faint,  
Thy Saviour answers thy complaint,—

    "Thy poverty I know,  
But thou art rich;" the poor are blest,  
Theirs is My kingdom's glorious rest;  
Soon shalt thou share it, clad in vest  
    Wash'd whiter than the snow.

Yes—He fulfils thy contrite prayers,  
The bruised reed who always spares,  
    And smoking flax, who stays  
The trembling faith Himself inspires;  
Who will not quench e'en faint desires  
Tow'rd Heaven that point their kindling fires,  
    But fan the feeble blaze.

—Now, breathe thine anthem, Spirit freed!  
"Sisters! and thou loved mother! heed!

    Let this your solace be:  
(Ye meekly bow, yet need its balm:)  
—Rich is the peace and sweet the calm  
When ransom'd sinners wave the palm  
    Of blood-bought victory!"

---

## ISAAC STEPHENSON,

(WHO DIED SUDDENLY IN IRELAND.)

“I WILL not sing a mortal’s praise ;”  
I would not thus thy memory wrong ;  
For thou wouldst chide the unhallow’d lays,  
Reprove the bard, and blame his song.

Yet may the mourning Church record  
A loss that heaven alone repairs :  
Humbled, she owns, “It is the Lord !”  
But feels the stroke she calmly bears.

Though sudden mandate broke the night,  
And bade thee forth thy Lord to meet,  
The lamp was trimm’d—the flame was  
bright—  
The soul prepared—the work complete.

Looking to Jesus—He thy tōwer,  
And still, through all the race, thine aid,  
The work of faith was crown’d with power,  
And thou wast more than conqueror made.

The sister land, thy final field  
Of labour in the Gospel toil,  
Scarce hail’d thee o’er, ere call’d to yield  
Thy lowly grave beneath her soil.

The world applauds the warrior's death,  
That darkly falls in vengeful strife :  
But thine, how blest !—with latest breath  
Thy lips proclaim'd the words of life.

He whom thy soul, as duty led,  
Served in the Gospel of his Son,  
In righteousness cut short the thread :  
The fight was fought—the victory won.

Where now the Sires, the Prophets where ?  
The glory stain'd, and dim the gold !  
Ill could the Church thy service spare,  
In days when love hath wax'd so cold !

Yet Hope revives, while far though faint  
She climbs the mount, a beam to see  
The dim horizon break, to paint  
The glories of futurity.

When times, reserv'd in God's own hand,  
Shall all his faithful word fulfil ;  
When Christ, with His redeem'd, shall stand,  
Triumphant stand, on Zion hill !

---

## WILLIAM WILSON.

(ON RECEIVING HIS PROFILE.)

WELCOME the gift that grants, loved friend,  
Thy lineaments to see ;  
Though fresh thine image lives, impress'd  
On Friendship's memory—

Deep-graven there, in lines that trace  
Truth, kindness, sympathy—  
Value, that time but more reveal'd  
And made more dear to me !

Safe landed on the heavenly shore,  
Thou stemmest "no more sea"  
Of trouble, conflict, sorrow, fear,  
Change, and perplexity.

The weary is at rest—we grieve  
But for ourselves, yet we  
May well lament the vacant place  
That no more knoweth thee !

Yet didst thou leave the "just man's path,"  
That shined, our lamp to be,  
To "perfect day" of perfect Love,  
That "greatest of the three."

While reverent to their father's God  
Thy children bend the knee,  
Still may their mother's heart rejoice  
Their following steps to see!

May all thou lovedst share thy joy,  
Beyond this restless sea,  
Where Peace for ever reigns—and whence  
Sorrow and sighing flee!

---

## ISAAC CREWDSON,

(WHO DIED SUDDENLY AT BOWNESS, WINDERMERE.)

IF words of love, and deeds of worth,  
The lowly path that self denies,  
May prove the new and heavenly birth,  
And meetness for the skies—

How brightly, then, may Faith break through  
This heavy cloud of sore distress!  
Fresh was his branch with heavenly dew,  
And fruits of righteousness!

We grieved for the perplexities  
That drew him from our Church's side:  
But never, never, things like these  
Must Christian friends divide!



He with the poor enjoy'd to share  
His store, and words of kindness gave :  
They widely mourn ; their part they bear  
In sorrow o'er his grave.

Earnest "to spend and to be spent,"  
His shortening time and waning health,  
Still to his Lord were freely lent,  
His labour and his wealth.

And well his Lord repaid the loan,  
When, in that midnight cry, His voice  
Was heard, "Well done, thou faithful one ;  
Now in my joy, rejoice !"

"Enter my rest, the crown receive !"—  
The crown for those who love, obey,—  
Maintain the warfare, hope, believe,  
Endure, and watch, and pray !

But fruits brought forth on earth grow dim,  
Seen in that upper radiance bright—  
('Twas thus they ever seem'd to him  
In this imperfect light)—

And humbly doth he cast them down  
Low at his well-loved Saviour's feet—  
In life, in death, in heaven, alone  
Would stand in Christ complete !

## ISAAC WILSON.

(ON HEARING THAT HE WAS AT THE POINT OF  
DEATH.)

AND hath the summons sounded? Must we  
part  
With thee, still in thy useful prime, loved  
Friend!  
"Succourer of many;" Ah! how many a heart  
Should now, for thee and thine in prayer  
ascend!

Gone in the lustre of the "just man's" way;  
Gone, with the cup of blessing at the brim!  
Better that suns go down while yet 'tis day,  
Than wait till gathering clouds their bright-  
ness dim.

Though mourning cannot fail: Thou, most  
bereft,  
Through all the Widow's woe thy heart must  
prove,  
Wilt rally for the sake of those still left,  
In sure experience of thy Saviour's love!

Love that will smooth thy passage to the  
tomb!

Your hearts shall re-unite as Rising Morn!

But, then, how deep shall be the homestead's  
gloom

When those, so "living," leave its hearth  
forlorn!



HENRY WILSON,

(GRANDSON OF ISAAC WILSON.)

THE branch of promise fades in blight:

The shades of death o'erspread the morn:  
Grief will have way! The young, the bright,  
The loved, from loving hearts is torn!

They fear'd "the worst"—He hoped "the  
best"—

His heavenly reckoning had begun;  
For spirits, blest, account "the best,"  
Their Saviour's rest, for ever won!

Heaven opens for the ransom'd soul;  
Celestial radiance breaks the gloom:  
The race, well-run, soon wins the goal,  
Life's end fulfilling in life's bloom.

Too soon for human hope's bright plan !  
But not to soon by heavenly gauge ;  
For " wisdom is grey hairs to man,  
And an unspotted life is age ! "

---

## WILSON MARRIOTT.

(SUGGESTED BY THE WISH OF HIS CHILD " THAT  
LILIES AND VIOLETS MIGHT GROW UPON HIS  
GRAVE. ")

OH, 'tis a tribute meet  
This wish of filial love !  
For lilies pure, and violets sweet,  
A Father's grave above.

And we, though pass'd beyond  
Life's spring, when flowers enwreath  
All thoughts, can to the truth respond  
That lies this wish beneath.

As violets give the wind  
Their sweets, yet shun the day,  
E'en so the treasures of his mind  
Would friendship's search repay.

The lily in the vale,  
That drinketh heaven's supplies,  
Returns upon the silent gale  
Its fragrance to the skies.

So, humbly did he share  
Rich blessing from on high,  
And gave it back in praise and prayer,  
E'en with his latest sigh.

These flowers of hidden store,  
Though delicate their form,  
If winter's lingering tempest roar,  
Live through the untimely storm.

Discerning praise they win :  
And fitly bring to sight  
This tender Friend—his "truth within,"  
His firmness for the Right.

Then 'twas a tribute meet,  
His child's fond wishes gave,  
For lilies pure, and violets sweet,  
Upon her Father's grave !

---

## JOHN BRAGG (OF HAWKSHEAD).

(THE SEPARATION OF PARTNERS AT NINETY YEARS.)

GATHERED in ripeness, as the sheaf  
Is garner'd home with harvest joy,  
Be deep thanksgiving, more than grief,  
Thy dear Survivor's sweet employ.

Though fond regret may often fill  
Her aged eye with sorrow's tear,  
She hails thy calm release, and still  
Can feel thy ramson'd spirit near.

Praise for a Saviour's mercy-seat,  
Where peace is seal'd and pardon given !  
Where all "of JESUS named" may meet,  
One family in earth and heaven !

Thou Friend beloved ! though sore bereaved,  
Canst to thanksgiving's strain respond ;  
For thou hast praised e'en more than grieved,  
And look'd in faith the grave beyond.

Expectant of re-union near  
Where tears are wiped from every eye !  
This parting, brief, shall but endear  
The meeting for eternity !

THE AGED : IN WESTMORELAND,  
Q. M.

JOSEPH GOAD.

AGNES HADWIN.

ELIZABETH ION.

ANN GRAHAM.

MARY SILL.

ELIZABETH RITTON.

JOHN, and HANNAH BRAGG. THOMAS WILKINSON.

SURELY, Westmoreland—large store  
Of the Bright-in-Age, possess'd :  
With how many, pass'd Fourscore,  
Have I communed—now at rest !

*Goad* in Swarthmoor—*Ion* in Dent—  
*Sill* in Sedburgh—and the *Pair*,  
With their ninety years unbent,  
That so dear in Hawkshead were !

And, in Kendal, their compeer,  
Clear of mind, and firm of will,  
*Hadwin*, upright and sincere,  
Ninety-six, and heart-whole still !

Strickland gave another compeer—  
*Graham*, fresh of face and heart,  
And from whom her nephews dear  
Without sorrow could not part.

And, in Strickland, pleasure rare,  
Once it was, with Thee to meet,  
Honour'd *Rittson*! and to share  
Thy discourse so rich and sweet.

Who but Thee, at ninety-eight,  
Could remain companion bright?  
Olden stories to relate  
Of the '45—the fight—

Skirmish-fight of Clifton, where,  
Then, thou dwelt—and minded well  
How "The Duke" was quarter'd there,  
And the terrors that befell.

Left, at last, almost alone,  
Still thy chamber, meeting\* due,  
Saw, with ancient *Wilkinson*,  
Author, Poet, and Elder too.

Other names I might recount  
Did not other themes engage:  
Westmoreland! sure—large amount  
Hath been thine of "Bright-in-Age!"

---

\* Of M. and E.



## MARTHA SMITH.

THERE are frail natures whom the King,  
As Sovereign, to His service draws,  
Most weak of nerve, save for His cause ;  
Harps that rude touch will soon unstring.

Such, oft, His choice—who, “ no account  
Gives of his matters”—fitful souls ;  
As Fear prevails, or Faith controls,  
Now in the vale, now on the mount.

Textures so fine—the cold, the hard,  
May disesteem : They, service still  
Have in the Church, whose heartstrings  
thrill

To every sound of sorrow's cord.

And Thou, loved Friend, thy sheaves didst  
bring,

Sowing in tears the Gospel word ;  
An honour'd Handmaid of thy Lord,  
His consolations ministering !

To my young heart thine accents came  
As balm—they linger, to this day—  
“ Mind not what any to thee say,  
So as the Master do not blame ! ”

Well didst thou know what did belong  
To this great work ! the doubts, the fears  
That wait on youthful ministers  
Whom thine Experience bade, " Be strong !"  
Risen from the depths, thy spirit, freed,  
Is now for ever on the mount,  
And drinks for ever at the fount  
Of Life, to which the Lamb doth lead !

---

ROBERT FOWLER, JUNR.,

(TO RACHEL FOWLER.)

DEAR FRIEND ! the last of all thy household  
band,  
We take the Towers of ancient Avignon  
Within our wanderings in this Southern land  
Thy Brother's early grave to look upon !  
Through shadowing green we trace the peace-  
ful spot  
Where sleeps his dust beneath the cypress  
tree :  
And pause to see some wrong that Time hath  
wrought  
Straightway repair'd, as Thou wouldst wish to  
see.

Then kindred Thought turns to that Eastern  
clime,

Where, far from all his loved ones, BARCLAY  
lies :

And dwells upon the grief of recent time  
When faded Earth's best joys from GIBSON'S  
eyes !

Why pass the youthful, hopeful, bright, away,  
With all their visions fair for future hours ?

While thus the sorrowing, worn, survivors  
stay ?

—He only knows, whose ways are not as  
ours !

---

### THOMAS FOWLER.

(ON THE LAST EVENING OF 1852.)

THIS solemn eve we think of Thee,  
Loved friend, fraternal, true ;  
Mournful and mark'd the year must be  
That hid thee from our view—

Mark'd with the tincture of a gloom,  
Its shadow that must cast  
Athwart the opening year to come,  
As o'er the closing past.

A shade to temper, not to dim  
All brightness yet in store ;  
A chastening memory, that with Him  
It can be shared no more !

Oft hath *this* winter,\* chill and drear,  
Recall'd our social joys,  
When *he* the darkest day could cheer  
With kindly-greeting voice !

Still do I seem that voice to hear,  
That cordial smile to see :  
Our friendship knows no wintry year  
Congealing thoughts of thee !

Still flows their tide, but, flowing on,  
In holier course they rise :  
Bereavement points where friends are gone,  
And strengthens heavenward ties !

No more the blest, who there abide,  
Shall tread temptation's way ;—  
Calm hours of life's brief eventide  
Were thine ! to muse and pray !

Preparing hours, from earth, above,  
The chasten'd soul to draw ;  
Their ripening fruit, in patience, love,  
And lowliness, we saw !

---

\* Spent chiefly in our southern home (Bruce-Grove, Tottenham.)

We hail thee, late a sufferer here,  
 Now, safe in Christ, at rest,  
 Though mourning One, whom when the ear\*  
 Of Sorrow heard, it blest !

Nor art thou lost to friends sincere,  
 While *thine* are left behind ;  
 We feel thee still, with those so dear,  
 A threefold cord, entwined.

And while the new year's eve may thus  
 Its solemn memories bring ;  
 Oh, seal the lesson, Lord ! to us,  
 That Time is on the wing !

---

### TO LUCY FOWLER :

(IN ALLUSION TO THE DEPARTED ; AND IN RETURN FOR  
 AN ORANGE FROM JERUSALEM).

FRUIT from Jerusalem behold !  
 The gift of Friendship's hand :  
 Jerusalem ! where fruits of gold  
 Enrich the *typic* land  
 That shadow'd Sion's sacred fold,  
 Sheltering the ransom'd band !

---

\* Job xxix. 11.

How many loved ones (still that share  
So deeply in our love,  
That we, without them, scarcely bear  
This wilderness to rove,)  
Are gather'd, now for ever there,  
Safe in that fold above !

This gift from Palestine to me  
Comes o'er the desert sand  
Almost like fruit of Living Tree  
From yon celestial land,  
Fraught with the loved ONES' memory.  
Who there, rejoicing, stand !

---

### JOHN FOWLER.

How precious a good name,  
Than ointment precious more !  
It is not grandeur, pomp, wealth, fame,  
But better than all four.

And such good name was Thine,  
Its fragrance round to pour :  
The honest man is work divine,  
The godly man much more !

Such name is portion fair,  
    Endearing the Bestower,  
It brings the heritage of prayer,  
    That followeth evermore !

It ever sanctifies  
    Its sphere, with fragrant store—  
For, still, Thy children can arise  
    And bless Thee more and more !

---

JOHN ALLEN.

BELOVED, Revered ! Thy course I knew :  
    Path of the just, in wisdom's way !  
A shining light that brighter grew  
    To perfect day.

Taught of thy Lord, it seem'd no thrall  
    To take His yoke, and self to make,  
Of no repute ; Servant of all,  
    For Jesus' sake !

Valiant for Truth ! Bold to confess  
    Truth, in its fresh unfolding seen,  
Clear'd of Tradition's cloudiness,  
    In native sheen !

When coming glory gather'd fast  
Round thy meek brow—I could discern  
With skill to teach, join'd, to the last,  
The will to learn!

Thine was the climate of a love  
Whose debt to all mankind was due;  
While every duty seem'd to move  
In orbit true.

The Church, thy service to resign,  
Must grieve: and riven hearts must sigh:  
But records of such worth as thine  
Remain on high!

---

### LUCY MAW.

“NOTHING whereof to speak or think,  
But mercy that aboundeth still!”  
Thus could she utter, on the brink  
Of Time, the song of Sion-hill!

Mercy had follow'd; Mercy led  
Her early steps in heavenly truth;  
And blessing o'er her pathway shed  
To age, from her devoted youth.



From youth, to honour'd age and green,  
Spared to us long, and loved the more !  
We mourn her in the social scene,  
And in the Church her loss deplore !

Close keeping to her Saviour's side,  
His lowly follower nothing knew  
Among us, save Him crucified,  
And sang His praise with death in view.

Another ransom'd soul with God !  
Another golden harp on high !  
An added witness to the cloud  
That guides survivors to the sky !

Yet following "mercy did abound,"  
Brightening her course to lengthen'd days ;  
Her life with loving-kindness crown'd,  
Her peaceful evening closed in praise !

---

L. W.

OF gracious aspect, placid brow !  
Gently dismiss'd ! in Glory now !  
Regretful, yet resign'd we bow :  
And praise with grief we blend ;

Praise for his safety o'er the bourne  
"From whence no traveller may return ;"  
Yet, for ourselves, we long shall mourn  
The loved and buried friend !

Thy mien, that holy impress bore,  
The bloom, almost of youth, that wore,  
With locks of silver circling o'er,  
Beholding, was to love :—  
The Church laments thy service mild,  
So true, devoted, undefil'd ;  
Thy lowliness, as of a child,  
With wisdom from above.

Yet, are the mourners comforted  
To mark how gently thou wert led,  
How calmly sank thy peaceful head  
To rest, in Christ to sleep !  
Kindred bereaved, and sorrowing friends,  
Own, that thy course Mercy attends  
And crowns ; thus praise for thee ascends,  
While, for themselves, they weep !

---

## M. L. P.

(DEATH-BED OF THE YOUNG WIFE AND MOTHER.)

"DEAREST ! (how shall the words be said ?)  
 Thine hours on earth are numberèd !"  
 Flush'd was her cheek with startled blood,  
 Then water'd by the tearful flood :  
 —" And leave my loved ones !"—but not long  
 The conflict, for, " my faith is strong !"  
 —Faith that Thou wilt be yet restored ?  
 " No—in my Saviour and my Lord !"  
 Then all was brightness, from that hour  
 Death had no sting, Satan no power :  
 The peace of God that passeth thought,  
 Peace through the Lamb, this marvel  
     wrought—  
 The radiance of her lifted eye  
 Told, ere she fled, that Heaven was nigh !  
 Faith worketh wonders : Faith hath stay'd  
     The mourners round that bed and bier,  
 Who saw such bloom for ever fade,  
     Yet felt the Eternal arm was near—  
 That Jesus lives, mighty to save,  
 And ransom from the vanquish'd grave

WILLIAM ALLEN, AND  
STEPHEN GRELLET.

To Brethren, bound in Gospel band  
Of mission-work, a word is due  
And scarcely more, each of the two  
Memorialized by loving hand.\*

ALLEN hath shown how wide a range  
In science—all philanthropies—  
And in the world, may harmonize  
With constancy not “given to change.”

Let those, of others' line, inclined  
To judge, mark how he bow'd his neck  
To Christ, and His *restraining* check,  
With the *constraining*, sought to mind!

GRELLET, apostle as we knew  
He was, devoted to his Lord,  
Shrank from a stereotyped and hard  
Defining, e'en of doctrine true—

---

\* W. Allen, by his helpful and capable niece, Lucy Bradshaw, assisted by S. Corder, both also gone! and S. Grellet, by his attached and able friend, B. Seebohm.

“Justification,” (once he cried,  
 “Sanctification doth include,  
 “And those distinctions are not good  
 “One from the other that divide”—

These words to me (I mark'd them well)  
 “Wherefore the two, define, contrast?  
 “Why say which first or which the last,  
 “Of two, so indivisible?”

“Know, then, the thing—and he that knows  
 “By living faith in Him that died,  
 “Wash'd, sanctified, and justified,  
 “Shall in his Saviour's arms repose!”

These brethren twain, though western main  
 Divide their graves, together dwell  
 Where, ever new, the song they swell,  
 Worthy the Lamb that once was slain!

---

A. A. J. : AND S. B. J. :

(WHO PERISHED IN THE FLAMES WHICH SUDDENLY CON-  
 SUMED THEIR DWELLING.)

THINK on the joys awaiting—Upon those  
 brief alarms!

Behold the car translating—Home to a Father's  
 arms.

Thou, Lord! wast there, nor slumber'd—  
When burst the secret flame ;  
Hairs of our head are number'd—Days of  
our life the same.  
No sparrow falls without Thee—Night hides  
not from thy care ;  
Though Faith *be* proved, to doubt Thee—  
Our hearts shall never dare !  
The mother, with that Saviour—She loved  
and served, is bless'd,  
She lived but in His favour—She panted for  
His rest.  
To follow, honour, fear Him—His leading to obey,  
Her meat and drink—too near Him—She  
lived on earth to stay.  
She own'd that rare possession—A mind,  
though gifted, meek,  
And cloth'd with terse expression—The truths  
'twas hers to speak.  
The Church, a course so shining—From early  
youth that dates,  
Mourns, grieving—not repining—For Israel's  
car translates !  
Thou, faithful daughter, with her—Hast  
cross'd that fiery stream,  
And now, by Life's pure rivèr—Seest human  
life a dream :

Wondering its joys could charm thee—Thou  
smil'st its ills above,  
That can no more alarm thee—Yet bendest  
still in love  
O'er those, this stroke bereaving—In speech-  
less sorrow leaves,  
And marvellest at Earth's grieving—For  
spirits Heaven receives—  
Not death of that loved mother—May *thy*  
bereavement be ;  
While lover, sister, brother—Make bitter wail  
for thee !  
Who shall forbid the weeping ?—We, in that  
world are left,  
Where once o'er Lazarus sleeping—The Lord  
of Glory wept :  
To weep without submission—He chides ;  
but grief severe  
Like ours, hath kind permission—For many  
a bursting tear.  
Not tears of hopeless sorrow—Our loved ones  
praise and sing :  
And Time, the healing morrow—Shall to  
their mourners bring !  
The ways of God are wonders—Depths God  
alone can sound :

The terror of His thunders—Leaves purer  
 calm around :  
 O'er all we trusted, lovèd—When blasting  
 tempests roll  
 A kingdom never moved—May enter on the  
 soul !  
 Past searching or discerning,—His ways—but  
 this we know  
 The “acceptable,” through burning—Of fiery  
 furnace go ;  
 Alike, beginning, ending—He sees, whose  
 name is Love :  
 Enough for Faith, low-bending—Till all is  
 known above !

---

### ANNA ALMY JENKINS.

HER Sire,\* and Grandsire,† reverend Sires !  
 But diverse much, though much belov'd ;  
 Between them both, she almost moved,  
 In timorous youth, between two fires.  
 From each example, good she drew ;  
 But, while firm fealty to her Lord  
 Constrain'd to minister His word,  
 Too fearful, by such training grew.

---

\* William Almy.

† Moses Brown.



If too much nurst, if kept too fine  
(As porcelain that from use we keep),  
Hers was the gift of insight deep  
In Gospel mysteries divine !

A purer ministry ne'er fell  
Upon mine ear : Full was the word,  
Opening the first address I heard,—  
"Christ's doctrines, all, are practical !"

Her mind, too closely that conceal'd  
Its treasure from the general view ;  
Lovingly open'd to the few  
She trusted, and rich stores reveal'd.

How, of those few, the hearts were riven  
When came the tidings,\* words were weak  
To tell : But tenderest memories speak  
Of Thee ! now, with our lost, in heaven !

---

ALEXANDER CRUICKSHANK.

As Father of the Faithful, though  
We dare not Thee to name,  
Yet may we style, in Edinbro',  
Thee Patriarch, without blame.

---

\* See the preceding piece, "A. A. J. and S. B. J."

Once in "The Meadows" 'twas delight  
Thy welcoming to meet,  
Where all was cordial, all was bright,  
And all was "meadow-sweet."

Nor sect, nor grade, nor colour there  
Was question'd—all were free,  
All free as air, all free to share  
Choice hospitality.

There, while for others, all around  
Abounding fulness reign'd,  
Thine own most simple tastes were found,  
As habits, still maintain'd.

Jesus was there, His love thy law,  
His peace thy life proclaim'd,  
In winning guise to Him to draw  
Of whom the Church is named.

Such men (we feel it when they die),  
Though shunning earth's renown,  
Are cements in society,  
Its strengthening and its crown !

---

## THE LOSS OF THE ARCTIC ;

BY WHICH PERISHED MY DEAR AND VALUED  
FRIEND, MAHLON DAY,\* WITH HIS WIFE AND  
DAUGHTER ; AND MANY OTHERS.

MYSTERIOUS tidings—faith to prove !  
Tidings that murmur of despair !  
Where, *then*, was Omnipresent Love ?  
Israel's unslumbering Shepherd, where ?

Woe for that hour's relentless doom—  
When waters, crested with dismay,  
Wreck'd all save faith, and cast, in gloom—  
So many a light of home away !

“Be still, and know that I am God”—  
He answereth not to man below  
For wielding His mysterious rod,  
But saith, “Hereafter thou shalt know.”

He, all apportions and controls,  
And, equal to the lot severe,  
Could measure Faith to trembling souls,  
E'en in that agony of fear—

---

\* He accompanied J. J. Gurney to the West Indies in 1839 :  
See Memoirs of J. J. G., by J. B. Braithwaite, vol. ii. pp. 158-9.

Could, to the contrite spirit, speak  
 Such Peace by Calvary's Cross, e'en then,  
 As confluent terrors might not break,  
 Nor sinking wreck, nor surging main—

Could, 'midst a scene (whose mortal throes  
 To us as fearful visions rise),  
 E'en then, to lifted eyes disclose  
 The opening gate of Paradise !

In deaths like these survivors die—  
 We haunt the scene—our hearts decay—  
 Till, upwards fix'd, the anointed eye  
 Looks to the great declaring Day.

Be still : let Wisdom from above  
 Give quiet—till that Day declare  
 How true was Omnipresent Love ;  
 How near the Shepherd, *even there !*

---

### A FALMOUTH RECORD :

(MOSTLY OF THE DEAD).

'TIS MY LAST DAY AT PERRAN.

'Tis my last day at Perran,  
 And onward I ride  
 To see Roscow's dwelling,  
 With George for my guide.

And meet is the errand  
For Perran's last day,  
That links me with moments  
Long fledged away.

For soon shall our sojourn,  
In Perran's demesne,  
Belong to the memory  
Of days that have been.

Too soon to the pleasures  
Associate with you,  
Dear circle at Perran,  
We bid our adieu.

And then, as at Bruce-Grove  
We sit all alone,  
And hear in the Elm-trees  
The wintry wind moan,  
We'll think, as its murmur  
Sings loud in the trees,  
Hast thou blown over Perran,  
Thou fugitive breeze?

Hast thou waved the light creeper,  
O'er lattice that strays,  
Where the Friend\* that we honour  
Still lingering stays?

---

\* Elizabeth Fox.

Hast thou play'd o'er the trellis  
That tastefully twines,  
By the invalid chamber,  
Where Lewis reclines ?

At morn, at the window,  
Where George slumbering lies,  
Hast thou tapp'd with cold finger,  
And warn'd him to rise ?

Hast thou wound at the Charles's  
Thy whispering shell,  
And paid them *our* owing,  
A kindly farewell ?

Hast thou stirr'd up the waters  
And scared from their sleep,  
The Roberts and Alfreds  
That couch near the deep ?

Hast thou cheated the sisters,\*  
Who, fraught with their theme,†  
Thy voice for the engine's  
Mistake in their dream ?

Hast thou waken'd for Barclay  
Thy harp's plaintive tone,  
To lull him with music  
Less sweet than his own ?

---

\* A. M. and C. Fox.

† Railways.

Hast thou howl'd through Penjerrick,  
O'er copsewood and lea ;  
Where lately we wander'd,  
With Charlotte and E—— ?

For thee hath Aunt Mary  
Drawn closer the clothes,  
Thou merciless chiller  
Of fingers and toes.

Hast thou roar'd o'er St. Michael's,  
And Kynance and Kea ?  
—Oh, then thou art welcome,  
Hoarse warbler, to me.

And now we will fancy  
Thou comest to bring,  
From Perran and Falmouth,  
Good news on thy wing.

—Like these were the musings .  
That haunted my ride,  
On my last day at Perran,  
With George for my guide.

---

THE THREE GRAVES BENEATH THE  
WILLOW.

(J. F. : E. G. : AND L. F.)

THEY lie within this quiet spot  
By murmuring sea-breeze fann'd,  
The sever'd, ne'er to be forgot,  
Rent from this happy band :  
Laid, side by side, in simple graves,  
While bending o'er the three,  
In plaintive watch, protecting waves  
The faithful willow-tree.

And still, by soft rains duly wept,  
Remember'd of fond suns,  
How fresh your mantling green is kept,  
Ye loved departed ones !  
He, who bewail'd the earliest laid  
Within this grassy lea,  
To guard the sod with pensive shade,  
Planted the willow-tree.

She left her hope of heaven to cheer  
And calm his swelling woes,  
And left her babes, a void so drear  
With growing love to close—



Her latest treasure, scarce possess'd,  
Rear'd on a Father's knee,  
Costly bequest of One at rest  
Beneath the willow-tree !

Oh speaking graves ! to us the sign  
Of loss and change terrene !  
And do we gaze, loved friend ! on thine,  
Life of the wonted scene ?  
The living light that once illumed  
This home—and can it be  
Its kindly fires are all entomb'd  
Beneath the willow-tree ?

Upon thy flight, the parent nest  
Was silenced—save the tone  
Of memory, who rehearsest best  
The worth of treasures flown  
And told *what* of the homestead's glow  
Was lost in losing thee,  
When thy dear head was pillow'd low  
Beneath the willow-tree.

Sweet in their rest who, sleeping, lie  
In Christ, with Him to rise,  
The former things for ever fly,  
Their sorrows, pains, and sighs.

“There should not be a shade of gloom”  
In recollecting thee ;  
Thy hopes were bright beyond this tomb  
Beneath the willow-tree !

We pause before another grave  
Whose new-spread sod doth hide  
The kindly host who welcome gave  
To Perran’s cultured side :  
Scant is the ken of mortal eye—  
We little deem’d that he,  
The younger-born, should early lie  
Beneath the willow-tree.

We trace thee still with happiest skill  
To deck thy beauteous home,  
Or pacing slow thy terraced hill  
Deep in the classic tome.  
But thou *that* book lov’dst, latest, best,  
Whose promise, full and free,  
Could smooth the passage to thy rest  
Beneath the willow-tree.

While thus beside the graves we stand  
Of those we still deplore,  
The severed from this happy band  
“Not lost, but gone before :”

Faith can confide, through Him who died  
For them, that all the three  
Do rest in hope, laid side by side,  
Beneath the willow tree !

---

A NIGHT-THOUGHT AT PERRAN  
COTTAGE.

(ELIZABETH FOX.)

[See "*The Three Graves beneath the Willow.*"]

UPON this wakeful pillow,  
Amid the midnight shade,  
My thoughts will seek the willow,  
Where the beloved are laid.

What visions pass before me  
Of Perran's earlier day !  
What memories gather o'er me  
To scatter sleep away !

Before life's wintry weather  
Had touch'd each summer thing,  
We sojourn'd here together  
Beneath one parent wing.

But winter surely creepeth  
O'er many a feeling now,  
While, where the willow weepeth,  
It grieveth in the bough.

It soothes the sad heart, moulded  
To grief—that dreary air :  
The parent wing is folded  
Upon her buried there !

Yet—sinking to that pillow,  
Her pilgrim harp, she hung  
Upon the faithful willow,  
To solemn warbling strung.

Its rest the willow weaveth  
The cradling boughs among,  
And ever, as it grieveth,  
It murmurs Zion's song.

I catch it from my pillow,  
It scatters all the gloom,  
This music in the willow  
Above a holy tomb !

---

## AND DOTH "NO GLOOMY SHADE."

(E. T. GIBBINS.)

AND doth "no gloomy shade"  
That inmost shrine invade,  
Where we, beloved one! laid  
    Thy treasured memory?  
No, blest the calm and deep  
When friends in Jesus sleep—  
'Tis for ourselves we weep,  
    We may not weep for thee!

Thou, in thy time of need,  
To Him who once did bleed,  
And lives to intercede,  
    Couldst all thy cause commit:  
Thy failing heart He stays;  
For heaviness gives praise,  
And points thy dying gaze  
    To "prospects exquisite!"

All peace is thine; relief,  
Rest, joy; our own the grief;  
Can it be slight or brief?  
    Did we so little need,

Loved one, for ever fled!  
The light thy presence shed,  
That now there doth not spread,  
    A darkness *felt* indeed?

Upon thy home it play'd  
Its ornament and aid,  
Thy sister's joy it made,  
    Thy mother's heart it cheer'd—  
'Twas of new hope the dawn,  
When him it rested on,  
Thy best-beloved—it shone,  
    Declined, and disappear'd.

That gentle light could cheer  
Full many—Thou heldst dear,  
The friendly glow sincere—  
    Nor were ourselves forgot,  
And, dear though others be,  
Though rich in friendships, we  
Shall find a vacancy  
    Remains where thou art not!

Yes—many a heart this blow  
Rives with no transient woe—  
Nor tears can cease to flow,  
    While calm the yielding will—

The desolating blast  
 Our flower hath overpass'd—  
 Yet, long as life shall last,  
     Its place shall know it still!

---

ELIZABETH FOX.

(TO MY ANNE.)

“I FEEL their loss completely mine;”  
 —Before thy words were form'd, I knew  
 That, stricken by bereavement deep,  
 'Twas thine to weep as daughters weep,  
 And, with them, sorrowing to resign  
     An almost-mother too!

The heavy tidings smote thee, fraught  
 With point of disappointment keen;  
 Brief was the space that should divide  
 Thee from thine aged friend's fireside;  
 What *is* seems bitterer for the thought  
     Of what *might* soon *have been*!

Oh then, to read these lessons right!  
 Our props withdrawn, our hopes o'erthrown,  
 Teach us more singly to depend  
 Upon the Ever-present Friend—  
 So, in the gloom of Sorrow's night  
     May precious light be sown!

Thus had our loved one's counsel flow'd !  
 That, as we tend tow'rd life's decline,  
 The "one thing needful," to prepare  
 For closing hours, should be our care—  
 To cast off every sinful load

That clogs the race divine—

"Looking to Jesus," solemn still,  
 Though hopeful, is that stedfast gaze  
 Away from things of sight and time—  
 And powerful is that gaze sublime  
 To change into His image, fill  
 With love, and joy, and praise.

Let Heaven be dearer—there abide  
 So many loved ones ! to that bliss  
 Befriending Death, through valley deep,  
 Brings those, who, fall'n in Christ asleep,  
 Wake in His likeness satisfied,  
 And see Him as He is !

---

*The Same.*

(ON THE WAY FROM THE FUNERAL.)

LOVELY in life, holy in death !  
 I weave a frail memorial wreath  
 Upon my nightly way—



To musing, by the calm moon woo'd,  
And stars, a quiet multitude,  
That better suit a sorrowing mood  
    Than busy glistening day.

Loved, honour'd Friend ! so widely dear,  
The centre of our social sphere :  
    How beautiful, that age  
Throughout an ample sphere should cast  
Both warmth and radiance to the last !  
We treasure, of her life-long past,  
    The illuminated page.

Of "wintry age" tell me no more—  
Her image still that dreary lore  
    Confuting, shall reprove ;  
Her influence sweet, to all around,  
Told, that the "hoary head" when found  
"In righteousness," is many-crown'd  
    With glory, joy, and love.

Upon the verge of time she stood,  
Content to wait ; to cross the flood  
    Prepared through Gospel hope :  
What groups beloved to tempt her stay !  
—To watch her children's children play  
Could charm her footsteps to delay  
    On Life's descending slope.

Her Saviour's call, like Evening's breath,  
Was heard—His arm was underneath—

    Soon was the passage o'er :  
Where was thy victory, then, O grave ?  
The shallow waters only gave  
Soft murmuring of a gentle wave  
    On the forsaken shore.

While guardian wings of glory cleft  
The flood—and stedfast light is left

    Upon the path she trod  
In daily life, by grace divine—  
Doth it not speak in tone benign  
To all she loved " Arise and shine,"  
    Following her walk with God !

---

### ROBERT BARCLAY FOX.

BENEATH the shadow of Helmbrow,  
    'Mid scenes that pleased before I stray'd ;  
But sight nor sound could please me now,  
    Nor sign of life—my friend was dead !

He was the life of many lives,  
    Whose bloom of life with him hath fled !  
Joy sheds the wing, but Hope survives,  
    Faith triumphs, though my friend is dead !

I wander'd, where, a village pair,  
Built on the slope their cottage-shed :  
Alas ! how fallen a fabric fair,  
Of human bliss ! my friend is dead !

A gleeful child that climb'd the tree,  
Shook rustling branches o'er my head ;  
That picture bright I shrank to see,  
Too full of life ! my friend was dead !

The Memphian Tomb mine eye enchains,  
The tent of Death in desert spread ;  
Each living voice and image pains,  
Alien to me ! my friend is dead !

Should Christians, thus, be deeply moved,  
When hope illumed the dying bed ?  
Yes, Jesus wept o'er one He loved,  
And I will weep ! my friend is dead !

---

*The Same.*

WORDS cannot utter it ! though troubled  
Thought,  
In broken words, may struggle for relief ;  
Words cannot paint the desolation wrought,  
The manifold distress, the mighty grief !

These are the visitations testing Faith,  
When low, in useful prime, the gifted lie !  
Yet Christian mourners know the Spirit saith,  
That "Blessèd are the dead in Christ who  
die !"

Bereavements have been known : but this  
exceeds !  
Nor touches less—that earth to him was  
fair ;  
Almost elysian as the fabled meads,  
That knew no print of woe, no step of care.

Home of his prime ! deep midnight shrouds  
its ray !  
Home of his childhood ! all its hues grow  
dim !  
*This* saw his "wife of youth," *his* children's  
play,  
*That* as a joyous child remembers *him* !

His last abode that ancient Memphian Tomb !  
Ere the lone wanderer, seeking health afar,  
Sank to the untimely grave ! yet through the  
gloom  
Gleam'd, as we trust, for him, an Eastern  
Star.

Shine, Star of Bethlehem ! on his mourners  
too !

Christ could provide, who could for sin  
atone :

He dies at home who dies with heaven in  
view,

Nor, in his Saviour's presence, dies alone !

---

*The Same.*

BLIGHTING breathes that wilderness,  
Home and hearth are blasted now !  
Mourners, in this deep distress,  
Weep, and Sorrow, Faint, and Bow !  
*Weep*, they mourn a treasured one !  
*Sorrow*, not of hope bereft !  
*Faint*, to live when he is gone !  
*Bow*, and number blessings left !

Many a failing step shall go,  
Softly still, to distant days !  
Yet these mourners, bending low,  
Worship, Wonder, Trust, and Praise !  
*Worship*, own Christ "*did* provide !" .  
*Wonder*, trace His following love !  
*Trust*, He for the dying died !  
*Praise*, the buried lives above !

*The Same.*

WELL may the mother weep,  
Who childhood's requiem heard !  
—“ Papa is gone to sleep,  
“ He sleepeth like my bird.  
“ He will not wake again ! ”—  
Child of fond hopes and fears !  
Well may thy plaintive strain  
Unlock the fount of tears !  
Not like thy bird he sleeps,  
Not like those beauteous dead,  
Whose wing its lustre keeps,  
Still folded on Earth's bed :  
For, Earth no more to tread,  
He heard the call, “ Arise ! ”  
Her wing his spirit spread,  
And soar'd to Paradise !  
Sweet child, this loss to thee  
Thine after-years shall know ;  
Long o'er thy home shall be  
The shadow of this woe !  
But thou, sweet child ! art given,  
To shield thine orphan'd lot,  
A Father in the Heaven,  
Who guards, and slumbers not !

*The Same.*

Too bright for Earth, thou mightst not stay!  
Earth charm'd thee with her best array,  
Mercy forbade thee to delay!

    And Guardian Love  
To thy true home beckon'd away,  
    Thy home above!

Favourite of Earth! whose gifts combined  
To point, what none may safely find,  
An earthly rest! The withering wind  
    Hath laid thee low,  
And spoiled that wealth of cultured mind,  
    That heart's warm glow!

A faithful heart! and still the same,  
Alive to every social claim,  
'Mid all pursuits of lofty aim!  
    In thee, loved friend!  
Affection's lights could with the flame  
    Of genius blend.

With many, in this faded scene,  
Thou hast a bond of union been!  
'Twixt youth and age, a link, I ween:  
    And now, 'tis given  
To thee, to be a bond between  
    The world and Heaven!

Favourite of earth ! nor less, we trust,  
Favour'd of Heaven ! Such graces must  
Come from above ! Though sleeps thy dust  
    On Egypt's strand,  
Thy spirit pass'd, with all the just,  
    To Canaan's land !

The promised land of purchased rest :  
Thou hadst thy Saviour's power confess'd  
To save from sin ; then gently press'd  
    Thy couch to die :  
And fell asleep, upon His breast,  
    To wake on high !

---

*The Same.*

ALL THE GOODLINESS THEREOF IS AS THE FLOWER OF THE  
FIELD. THE GRASS WITHERETH, THE FLOWER FADETH :  
BUT THE WORD OF OUR GOD SHALL STAND FOR EVER.—  
Isaiah xl. 6-8.

OH teaching love ! to riven hearts  
    That speaks,—the flower shall fade,  
And all the goodliness of man,  
    As fades the falling blade !  
Power, Talent, Dignity, laid low,  
    Yet low, in mercy, laid !



In mercy ! though nor wife beloved,  
Nor parents there might be !  
Nor sisters fond ! yet Christian friends,  
With tender ministry,  
Tended his couch, and soothed his soul,  
That plum'd her wings to flee !

His manly youth, his useful prime,  
Maturer work foretold,  
Work of a spirit, heaven-subdued,  
Full-fashion'd in the mould  
That prints the image of their Lord  
On those He tries as gold !

Shall not the Judge do right ? We know,  
In part, the mercy shown :  
And what we know not, Faith confides  
Shall be hereafter known !  
Heaven can empower to teach by Death,  
And not by Life alone !

Such goodliness of man, cut down,  
May teach the untaught before !  
Unblamed we sorrow ! and the blight  
Upon Life's green deplore !  
But the sure Word of Gospel Hope  
Abides for evermore !

## THE MOURNING OF ROSKROW.

TO MY ANNE.

ROSKROW knew solemn mourning  
Upon that former day  
When home no more returning,  
Its master pass'd away !

There mourners then assembled,  
There, faithful friend and true !  
Of parents and of children  
There wert THOU gathered too.

With sister-friends to mingle  
The almost filial tear,  
Him, as a Sire, lamenting  
Who, as a Sire, was dear.

Thus didst thou share the mourning  
Of old Roskrow, e'en then !—  
Alas ! in Roskrow's mourning  
'Tis thine to share again.

A generation fled  
Until Roskrow became  
The grandson's home, who brightly  
Adorn'd an honour'd name !

Roskrow renews its mourning  
As in those days of yore !  
Its master back returning  
To that dear home no more !

Well may thy thoughts revisit  
Roskrow ! for there, e'en now,  
Thy friend, the Son and Father,  
Again in grief must bow.

Bow with the mourners, gather'd,  
As erst, in sorrow there !  
And still, in Roskrow's mourning  
Thy faithful heart doth share !

They mourn, bereaved, yet trustful,  
And fondly *him* recall  
Who, from his birth, but pleasure  
Had ever given to all !

All loved him, all bewail him,  
Nor see his like again !—  
Less justly to have loved him  
Had been a greater pain !

Roskrow ! the night of mourning,  
Afresh thy lot must be !  
But Faith can bring the morning  
With healing wing to Thee !

## MARIA ROBERT W. FOX.

Most spotless of all flowers, yet like the rest,  
The lily of the vale must drink the dew ;  
Nor open'd, till the beam had found its breast,  
Nor, without Heaven, could live, or life renew.

Not every native charm for thee that won  
All hearts, gave to our love its deeper tone ;  
*Grace* made thee what thou wert, Heaven's  
beam and sun  
Fed thee, and made the white-robed flower  
its own !

Whence sprung the tenderness our natures  
showed  
When influenced by thy sweetly suasive  
powers ?  
The fulness of the Saviour's love o'erflow'd  
Fresh through thy heart, and soften'd even  
ours !

Oh, sweet companionship ! shall it not shine  
Still on our onward path, where'er it lie !  
And compass us about ? for love like thine  
Was given from fountains that Time cannot  
dry !

## MARIANA (FOX) T.

NE'ER the pale Angel made his swift descent  
On happier home! no warning note was  
given  
Husband and children see, with anguish  
riven,  
The messenger that knows not to relent!  
Life wrestled still, but only to be spent:  
And He that bears the burden of the woe  
Must He interpret what these signs fore-  
show,  
Himself proclaim the striking of the tent  
That was the nest of so much joy below?  
To soften, not to stun, descends the blow,  
And all are hush'd: It is the Lord that sent  
And finds Her ready, a calm Penitent!  
For contrite is the soul that enters heaven,  
Though Duty may be done, and sin for-  
given!

---

ANNA PRICE: ELIZABETH FOX: AND MY  
AUNT, CATHERINE P. HINGSTON.

So diverse, and yet all upright,  
Those gifted Sisters Three :  
Duteous, devoted, strenuous, bright :  
All dear to mine and me :  
And, liken them, methinks we might,  
To Faith, Hope, Charity.

The Eldest, in Faith firm and strong,  
Bravely her Lord confess'd :  
Hope, to the youngest, did belong,  
Not doubts and fears unblest :  
Their Sister sang the turtle's song  
Of Love, within her nest.

Doubtless their paths had, somewhat, cross'd ;  
Their love could yet remain :  
And, for the Church, They prized the most,  
Did She (my Aunt) retain  
A love, that, far from being lost,  
That Church return'd again.

With all the just, her soul took flight  
In perfect unity ;  
And, oh, how bright, Hope's mellow'd light

Upon her Evening sky!—  
No more of these lost Three, I write ;  
Their record is on high !

---

### PHEBE HUSTLER.

MOURNER meek, without a murmur !  
Sufferer deep, without complaint !  
Unprofessingly, but truly,  
Didst thou seem to me a saint.

When I saw thee at "Les Avants,"  
(Thither borne for Alpine air,)  
Few on earth I reckon'd nearer  
To the heavenly regions were.

Thou didst mourn a treasured daughter  
In a voice that whisper'd low,—  
"She no more to me returneth !  
I to her shall quickly go."

Gone the wife, and gone the mother,  
With that duteous daughter true !  
Both, now vanish'd ! well the mourners  
May their former grief renew !

Sojourners on southern Leman  
Oft have seen a loved one fade !  
Never such as Life could brighten,  
More than these, together laid !

Tender Father—faithful Daughter,  
Loving Brother, well may weep ;  
Ever shall their spirits linger  
Where their buried softly sleep.

Future days may yet their country  
And their English home restore ;  
In that future, oft shall memory  
Veytaux's grave-sod hover o'er.

But their loved ones have ascended,  
Ransom'd from this weary land !  
Follow them ! as they the Saviour,  
All to meet at His right hand !

---

ELIZABETH ROBSON.

STILL faithful in her Lord's employ,  
And choosing still His service bless'd ;  
From work He calls her to His joy :  
How sweet her rest !



The harvest's Lord from fruitful ground  
Hath gather'd in the ripen'd sheaf;  
Rather let harvest joy abound  
Than tears of grief.

The most bereaved is cheer'd to see  
Her children, bow'd, her mantle take:  
He hears the promise, "Never thee  
Will I forsake."

Yes; all is peace, and all are stay'd;  
The King's own word proclaims a calm;  
He, whispering, breathes "Be not afraid,"  
Whose name is balm!

Thou, mourning Church! and much bereft,  
Mayst well such labourer long deplore;  
Ask, for the harvest's Lord is left,  
Ask him for more—

More labourers in the whitening field,  
By others sown, in worthier days;  
Then should its plenteous furrows yield  
Fruit to His praise!

*P.S.*—And now her faithful Partner\* too  
Hath landed on that shore unknown;

---

\* Thomas Robson.

Who made, a Helpmeet wise and true,  
Her cares his own.

His was a favour'd Evening-rest,  
A calm decline, a peaceful close ;  
Now, sweeter rest among the blest,  
In Christ, he knows !

---

MARY GURNEY.

WHEN, for a holier world prepared,  
The soul escapes from coming ill,  
We joy that those so dear are spared,  
Yet sorrow still.

Sorrow, to feel the loved are gone,  
And we conflicting with Life's tide ;  
Time hath but shown the treasure flown,  
Torn from our side.

So deems thy loved One and bereaved,\*  
Your blended lot to share no more !  
Its tasks that, with the useful, weaved  
Gold-threaded lore.

---

\* J. J. G.

He feels a sever'd life to lose  
In thee, that shared both heart and mind,  
(The worthy choice of wise to choose,)  
Yet bows resign'd.

And prizes more the matchless grace,  
For heaven that form'd, to heaven that led ;  
And learns the more to love the place  
Where thou art fled.

To raise his hope to Him who saves  
With his right hand the trustful soul,  
And draws from out the whelming waves  
That, threatening, roll.

'Tis mercy then bids stronger grow  
The cord that bindeth to the sky ;  
Confirming, by our loss below,  
The heavenward tie.

Oh, blessed tie, that draws above  
The spirit, prone, to earth no more ;  
Binds us, in Christ, with all we love,  
Who go before !

---

## MARIA SAMUEL FOX.

FROM early years her heart was taught  
Its hopes to set on things above,  
Surrender'd to the love that bought,  
A Saviour's love !

She wore His yoke, and found His rest ;  
And, by her life her faith to prove,  
In work and word His name confess'd,  
Constrain'd by love.

Faith in that name she witness bore,  
Can scatter foes, can mountains move,  
The heart can cleanse, renew, restore,  
Working by love.

Thus, with the Gospel message sent,  
In bright'ning course 'twas hers to move  
And publish to the penitent  
Redeeming love.

To kindred, home, and friendship's sphere,  
How dear may sore bereavement prove !  
Mourners ne'er wept for one more dear  
To sorrowing love !

"Twas her Belovèd's voice, low, sweet  
Its bidding where He sits above ;  
And now she rests, in Him complete,—  
Rests in His love !

---

B. M. F.

STAYED by the Gospel, we rejoice  
In Hope through Sorrow's tides :  
The voice of mourning in the voice  
Of thankfulness subsides.

All change was vain : but Mercy blest  
The homeward course, and gave  
His native shores, and then his rest  
In a loved mother's grave !

I stood beside his early bier,  
Sooth'd by his soul's repose :  
Yet felt that beauteous youth lay there,  
Stricken like storm-smote rose !

The tender friends, who watch'd its fall,  
And saw its hue grow dim,  
Could almost hear the Saviour's call  
To "pure delights" with Him !

'Tis mercy that so soon hath given  
Our loved One thus to rise,  
And enter, in the courts of heaven,  
The rest that Earth denies.

Earth's native charms—Art's varied grace  
Might paint his youthful dreams—  
But Earth provides no resting-place  
For spirits Heaven redeems.

Oh, happy lot, that early taught  
To "rest in Jesus' love!"  
Oh, blessèd day, that sped his way  
To his true home above!

---

S. L. F.

GONE in thy goodliness!  
Oh wherefore gone so soon?  
Why rose such sun to bless  
The morn, and sink at noon?

Why breathed the young wife's prayer  
But to return unsped?  
Why, for the Son, the tear  
Still must the Father shed?

God's thoughts are not as ours,  
His ways we may not scan,  
When fades, as fade the flowers,  
Such goodliness of man !

Search not the Sovereign mind,  
His work we know not now :  
Our part to bow resign'd  
And "dumb with silence" bow !

But this we know, when fruits  
By Him are ripen'd seen,  
Immediately He puts  
The garnering sickle\* in.

Yet meet is human grief,  
We mourn—unblamed we mourn  
When "goodliness" so brief  
From charmèd eyes is torn !

Jesus, who "wept"—and made  
Such grief a sacred thing,  
Will o'er the mourners spread  
His own all-healing wing !

---

\* Mark iv. 29.

## D. Q.

## PART I.

I HEARD the whirlwind's voice, disastrous, wild,  
Shake the old firs that pile yon favourite  
dome ;

The storm hath broken o'er that tranquil  
home,\*

Those aged Parents mourn their treasured  
child !

Upon the terrace-bank of green, delay

Thick dews of night, in unmolested shade,  
Scatter'd no more by her light step away,  
As in the blithesome morn of happier day !—

God in the whirlwind hath His pathway  
made :

Clouds are the dust of His descending feet

On blessing bound the tutor'd soul to meet,

And Earth's lost joy with heavenly to re-  
pay !

Christ's chastening love doth make His pro-  
mise sweet,

Storms show the rainbow round His mercy-  
seat !

---

\* Rydal Mount.



## PART II.

AH, wherefore clothes the smiling sun  
Our vale *to-day*\* with beams so bright ?  
They shine to speak the vanish'd one  
Rejoicing now with "saints in light."

Oh then, we will not chide but love  
The living radiance, lighting down  
To tell of holier life above—  
Of raiment white, and victor's crown.

She wears them now ; she bent the knee  
In contrite faith at Jesus' feet,  
Sought Him in tears, "without one plea,"  
And found Him on his mercy-seat.

No more we chide the smiling ray,  
Such token to riv'n hearts that brings :—  
Heaven's bless'd Sun doth brood to-day  
O'er our sad vale with healing wings !

---

\* The funeral-day.

---

## WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

LOVED, honour'd Bard! on whose majestic  
head  
Snows had but fall'n to yield more softening  
glow,  
More heavenly tints; whose mellow eve did  
show  
Tinctures of hope in Him for man that bled;  
Hope, that sure light athwart the unknown  
can throw!  
Less for the bard than neighbouring friend  
we weep,  
Whose loss our daily life must living keep!  
—Weep with the mourners who bewail their  
dead,  
Who—(as the dwellers beneath Alpine steep,  
Love more the homestead-sod, its shadow deep  
Protects, than grandeur of its airy height,)—  
Did most in his familiar love delight!  
He who to utmost Alp built Song sublime  
Nursed home's affections in its sheltering  
clime!

---

S. S. W.

SHE knew her ail was mortal,  
That human aid was vain,  
And long that she might linger  
In weariness and pain.

She lay resign'd to suffering,  
We never heard complaint,  
Though sore the pains that rended  
Her wasted frame and faint.

For holy faith before her  
Disclosed bright things to be,  
To see the King in beauty—  
The far-off land to see!

And yet we did not venture  
To tell, as wont to do,  
Of beautiful in nature  
That she no more might view.

'Twas hay-time, and the weather  
Was worthy of that time ;  
Like us, she loved the hay-field,  
From childhood to life's prime.

We did not dare to mention  
The joyous hay-field then,  
To mind her that she never  
Must hay-time see again !

That harvest joy of childhood  
Fresh as the year comes on ;  
And who might bear to think it  
A joy for ever gone ?

The blossoms of the garden,  
Of field and heathery hill,  
We brought them to her chamber,  
For well she loved them still.

And yet, of fields and gardens  
To speak, we all forbore,  
Because we knew the sufferer  
Should gather flowers no more.

We knew she ne'er should rifle  
Their out-of doors perfume,  
Nor come near growing flowerets  
Save those upon her tomb !

—Not that her soul was cleaving  
To earth's most beautiful ;  
But nature's love is passion  
That to the last hath rule.

Not mournful nor regretful  
She look'd on aught below,  
But onward to the region  
Where flowers immortal grow—

Where joy shall wither never,  
Where sin and sorrow flee,  
Where friend meets friend for ever,  
And pain no more shall be !

Immanuel's wing o'ershadowing,  
No terror dimm'd her way,  
He watched her through the valley,  
His rod and staff her stay.

The Eternal Arm beneath her,  
The lowly soul upbore  
Safe through the chilly river  
To gain the heavenly shore—

To join its happy dwellers,  
And swell thanksgiving's strain,  
Where guiltiness is pardon'd,\*  
And none are sick again !

---

\* Isa. xxxiii. 24.

## CHRISTIANA GURNEY.

GOOD as Her Sister,\* lovely too  
And loveable as She ! They were,  
In truth, as beautiful a pair  
As e'er bereaved survivors knew.

Hers was a charming atmosphere,  
And all refinements seem'd to come,  
Unbidden, to adorn the home  
That held the oft-suffering Prisoner :  
A prison that I loved to share,  
So bright with piety, so graced  
With garniture of mind and taste,  
We linger'd with the Imprison'd there :  
Type of that olden, courtly school,  
Polish its guise—kindness its rule !

## SIR THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON.

WHAT made a name so great ?  
So large and pure a fame ?  
He, on his Lord, did wait.  
Revering Jesus' name !

---

\* Priscilla Hannah Gurney.

He secret counsel sought  
 Of Him, the Counsellor,\*  
 The Wonderful,\* who brought  
 His purposes to bear—

Purpose to free the slave,  
 Purpose so grand and good,  
 It gave an honour'd grave  
 A nation's gratitude!

We joy He lived to see  
 The victory of his Cause!  
 His own, the victory  
 Is now—and now I pause—

The victories he hath won  
 To tell, my pen would fail:  
 Let his accomplish'd Son†  
 Relate the wondrous tale!

---

### WILLIAM GUNDRY.

DESPOND not, faithful minister!  
 Though few may gather to thy teaching,  
 A blessèd "man of God" was here  
 Still, with his lips, whose life was preaching.

---

\* Isa. ix. 6.

† Charles Buxton.

His was the ancient "good report"  
To "shake the country"—one concluded  
His flock must grow—yet in sad sort  
To lack of converts he alluded!

Through the long Past, now fading dim,  
I recollect this gentle grieving,  
And even sought to comfort him,  
From him, such comfort, while receiving.

Lesson, for humble labourers good,  
When unsuccess to gloom disposes,  
For his "good name," his neighbourhood  
Perfum'd, more sweet than Springfield's  
roses.

Father in Israel, honour'd, dear!  
I, to his grave, saw sad crowds wending;  
Lansdowne,\* his friend, the simple bier,  
That lately bore a loved one, lending.

Springfield! thy flowers and vernal sod,  
Though, now, the stranger be possessing,  
Where'er the Just have walk'd with God  
They leave the trace of light and blessing!

---

\* The Marquis of Lansdowne.



## JONATHAN BACKHOUSE.

(OUR VISIT AT POLAM HILL, 1841.)

FRIEND long beloved, secluded now,  
Thy face we came to greet—  
How pleasant both to mind and heart,  
Thus, once again, to meet!

'Tis not the grasp of pain that binds,  
And grieves, in this retreat ;  
No hand severe hath fix'd thy stay  
In suffering's restless seat.

This silent shade gently constrains  
Thy mercies to repeat—  
And we are comforted, who came  
Once more thy face to greet.

Thou tellest of His faithful love  
Who proves, with solace sweet,  
Thy refuge still, from every storm,  
Thy shadow from the heat.

By loved ones watch'd, whose tender cares  
Delight each wish to meet—  
Thy Lord, in languor, all thy bed  
Makes—and the bitter sweet.

Thou yield'st thy best-beloved to stand  
In all His will complete,  
Who bids her call the wanderers home  
To sit at Jesus' feet.

The labour of thy day resign'd,  
Its burden and its heat—  
He is thine evening song, whose light  
Did first at morning greet.

Still, mindful of His covenant,  
He feeds thee with the meat  
That is the "meat indeed," and streams  
Of living waters sweet.

Thy lot, revolved upon thy couch,  
With blessings seems replete ;  
Well are we recompensed, who came,  
Loved friend ! thy face to greet.

Low doth thy grateful spirit bend  
At thy Redeemer's feet :  
There wouldst thou wait, till for the estate  
Of saints in light made meet !

---

## HANNAH CHAPMAN BACKHOUSE.

EARTH, without thee, oh gifted friend !  
Impoverish'd seems, bedimm'd, bereft :  
Our circle shrinks : Let prayer ascend  
For blessing on the remnant left !

Hearts that, with thine, were intertwined,  
Bare to each other, only knew  
Thy store of wit, thy wealth of mind,  
The play of thought, and vigour too—

The unbendings of the social hour  
In genial confidence ; the glee  
Almost of childhood, blent with power  
Wisely to mark, inly to see !

All strifes and jealousies above :  
Sound in the faith ; and firm, though meek,  
She ever gave forbearing love,  
But not her judgment, to the weak.

Through England's breadth, across the flood,  
In perils oft, privation, pain ;  
She served her Saviour and her God,  
And spread his Truth, his Book, his Reign.

Her Husband gave his generous heart,  
 Alike, the Gospel to make known ;  
 How well, with her, he bore his part  
 Let grateful churches gladly own.

And both, to us, were stedfast friends ;  
*Their* loved, and lost, and left, how dear !  
 E'en children's children ! Love descends  
 To farthest down from *them* the near !

Like them, may we, to follow Thee,  
 Jesus ! "leave all," at thy behest !  
 Then, like them, mount—wash'd in the fount  
 Open'd by Thee, to glorious rest !

---

### JOSEPH TREGELLES PRICE.

THE Friend of Peace, mourners have wept  
 to-day  
 His bier surrounding : while the dread array  
 Of siege and battle claims the patriot's  
 tear  
 This awful heralding, what doth it say,  
 Rough harbinger to usher in the year ?\*

---

\* The great storm in the last night of 1854, during the Crimean War.

Is it the portent, of reverses drear  
 And War prolong'd to ruinous delay ?  
 Well may the tempest swell—our Glen deform  
 With many a wreck of elemental strife :  
 Midnight hath peal'd ! and shall this new  
 year's life  
 Be led in loss and bloodshed ? In the storm  
 Thou, Lord ! and in the whirlwind, hast  
 thy way !  
 Thou, on the storm cloud, canst thy bow  
 display,  
 And pierce it with the sheen of sunlight warm !

---

### WILLIAM FORSTER.

CONFESSOR ! Pilgrim ! Martyr ! of the Cross !—  
 Fathers a Brother mourn ; their Sons a Sire !  
 Humanity her Helper ! at such loss  
 I on the willow hung the silenced lyre—  
 Nor may I take it now ! Let quivering leaf  
 And murmuring breeze alone disturb the  
 string :  
 While, but the untuneful utterances of Grief  
 Express the thoughts too deep for lyre to  
 sing.

“The afflictions of the Gospel!” These, I see,  
Pondering thy course, up to the scene for-  
lorn

On Holston’s side, thou bore for Christ, and  
He

Hath turn’d the shades of death into the  
morn!

The Church, while she laments thee, solaced  
sees

The crown awarded by the Judge Divine  
To those He welcomes, “Ministering to these,  
“Ye ministered to me!”—that crown is  
thine!

Though the far West thy lonely grave may be,  
Yet not unhonour’d: Winds that o’er it  
wave

Shall bear the veneration of the free,  
And breathe the fervent blessing of the  
slave!

The praise and memory of the sainted dead  
Live in the Churches: Tenderest ties are  
riven:

Lord, lift Thou up his sorrowing partner’s  
head!

The “Saints’ communion” grant! foretaste  
of Heaven!

Thy Prophet mounts—our rising plaint re-  
strain!

Teach us to ask, "Where is Elijah's God!"\*  
Let not the falling mantle drop in vain,  
But, grasp'd in faith, still let it part the  
flood!

Revive Thy Church! Let all the brethren feel  
The strength of unity! Quench discord's  
brand,  
Cast in the Kingdom's salt!† The waters  
heal!  
Let there be "no more death nor barren  
land!"

---

### ANNA FORSTER.

Most loveable and free!  
Bound by no frigid rule!  
Save the restraint Christ's school  
Did lay on thee!  
For thou wert scholar there  
E'en from thine early youth,  
A lover of His truth  
In faith and prayer.

---

\* 2 Kings ii. 14.

† *Ibid* ii. 20, 21.

Throughout thy blessèd sphere  
Was tenderness thy tone :  
Ever creation's groan  
Was in thine ear !  
But firm at Duty's call  
Thou, through the strengthening Word  
That stay'd thee—for thy Lord  
Couldst yield thine all !  
Thy Husband (even He !)  
Couldst yield to ocean's strife  
To breathe out that dear life  
Away from thee !  
I thought, as we stood round,  
And wept, thine honour'd dust,  
—The merciful, the just,  
Are many-crown'd !  
But what, to thee, a crown,  
Who loved the lowest seat ?  
Save at thy Saviour's feet  
To cast it down !

---



## THE "PARTNERS:"

(ANNA GURNEY AND SARAH BUXTON.)

OH, "Partnership" of memory sweet:  
 Theirs was a House that "travell'd" then;  
 But not with the "commercial men"  
 Did we at inns those "Partners" meet.

But none the less, 'tis truly said,  
 Were they good company and gay,  
 And ably both the pen could sway,  
 One\* or in living tongues or dead.

'Twas at an inn in Cumberland  
 I meet them first—rather their wares  
 By certain marks the King's,† than theirs,  
 Might seem, and yet not contraband.

Their main concern on Norfolk strand—  
 But wide their Firm's transactions spread;  
 And they, for Him they own'd as Head,  
 Did business both by sea‡ and land.

Oh, active, useful "Partnership,"  
 Enlivening Earth, alas! no more!  
 "Partners" that sleep have richest store,  
 And "Partners" still, ye sweetly sleep!

\* Anna Gurney.

† Tract Distribution, &amp;c.

‡ Efforts in life-preserving on the sea.

The "dew of youth" remain'd on you !  
How gay your buoyant play of mind !  
I had not "noted" you, *in kind*,  
Unless the note were playful too !

But deeper meanings underlie !  
And plainer exponents deserve :  
—A Partnership your God to serve,  
And labour for Eternity !

---

AMELIA OPIE.

BRIGHT noontide crown'd her youthful bloom,  
Warm was her eve of radiant life ;  
Then the sick couch—the chamber's gloom,  
The lingering pains of mortal strife.

But Christ was there : he made her bed  
In sickness ; did the gloom dispel ;  
Above the billows bore her head,  
And whisper'd Peace ineffable !

I might not know her blooming youth  
Or brilliant noon : Enough I knew  
To trace a life, instinct with Truth,  
That gave to Duty fealty due !

Such daughter's love ne'er watch'd a sire :  
Nor e'en for him was all her care ;  
The glow of charity's pure fire  
Gave, ever, to the poor a share.

Gems of rare lustre, gems of price,  
The living character inlay :  
Ne'er did devout self-sacrifice  
So rule in one that seemed so gay !

Another's wants her own obscured,  
Another's woes her own became :  
Faithful her friendship, that endured  
With cheering, bright, and constant flame.

So faithful, the Reprover's part  
Her love perform'd : We know not yet  
Our loss, who lose her loving heart  
And, in *that* loss, her gifts forget—

Though varied gifts were hers—and sweet  
Her song : It is the *heart* we miss :  
Herself had judged the tribute meet  
Was *heart-felt* strain of grief like this !

---

## ELIZABETH FRY.

WIDE is the wail, when low Her head is laid !  
Heart-stricken mourners see Death fold his  
wings  
To seal that fount of Love and Pity, fed  
From God's own fulness—source of all her  
springs !  
Train'd by her suffering Lord to sympathy,  
She "succour'd many" for His sake who  
said  
Of mercy's deeds, "Ye did them unto me,  
"Sick and in prison, me, ye visitèd!"  
Her power to stay and solace, now, we prove  
Who, reft of her sweet counsel, walk this  
wild :  
Lovely, and loved, She led, by sway of love,  
The wise, the great, still humble as a child !  
Foundation deep on Zion's stone She laid ;  
The gentleness of Christ her greatness made !

---

## PRISCILLA JOHNSTON.

LOVING, devoted, Daughter, Sister, Friend !  
Tenderest of Wives and Mothers ! bending  
still  
Over Her cherish'd ones, to guard from ill,  
As, o'er their charge, the white-robed Angels  
bend !  
Hers the true heart, and genuine godliness,  
The charming nature, and abounding Grace,  
Grace that did never Nature's charm efface,  
And winning more because effacing less.  
Her Home-life flow'd, tintured of sunny dyes,  
Charged with all charities that knew no  
chill,  
Flow'd, brightly flow'd, a pure and gladd'n-  
ing rill,  
Fringed with Earth's flowers, while imaging  
the skies,  
Fed from unfailing, though unseen supplies,  
From upper springs, and dews of Sion Hill !

---

AT RENNYHILL, WITH ELIZABETH  
FRY.

NOT all delights of Rennyhill,  
Its roses and its charm,  
Its words and deeds that made us feel  
So glad with welcome warm.

Not all its prospects to enjoy,  
Nor by its burn to stray,  
So sweet, as was our sweet employ  
Upon its Sabbath-Day.

No rival-charm of Rennyhill,  
Nor flowers, nor sea-view fair,  
Could hinder us from holding still  
Our little "meeting" there.

Priscilla join'd us, and could deem  
It was no vain belief  
That Christ is honour'd, owning Him  
As Minister in chief.

Then Evening brought its great concern :—  
Chapel and Town and Beach  
Gave up their crowds, for once to learn  
How Woman's tongue could teach.

Our Host\* her heavenly lore applied ;—  
 “Oh, let it be our part  
 Not merely to be gratified,  
 But lay this lore to heart !”

These were the hours we ne'er forget :  
 I think upon them still,  
 Though all are gone, save me, who met  
 That Day at Rennyhill !

---

### ELIZABETH GURNEY'S FUNERAL

A SIMPLE rite : the funeral train,  
 A numerous train of mourners true ;  
 In stillness met, save thankful strain  
 That own'd the peace those mourners knew.

We mingle with the kindred band,  
 While Gospel hope its solace gives ;  
 And in our hearts, as mute we stand,  
 Her sweet memorial freshly lives.

They pause around her lowly bier,  
 Husband and children, bow'd, yet stay'd ;  
 Her constant love, her tender care,  
 All in that touching pause survey'd !

---

\* Andrew Johnston.

To her, ere call'd her Lord to see,  
The time of heavenly meetness came ;  
When she could witness, "Blest is He,\*  
Who cometh in the Saviour's name."

She knew His name fulfill'd her need,  
The balm that makes the wounded whole ; †  
She bade his ministers "God-speed,"  
For Christ was precious to her soul.

We felt that Death was blest to her,  
Was mission'd in that name of grace ;  
Was but His mercy's messenger  
To bring to this calm resting-place.

We weep not o'er the deep repose  
Of ransom'd souls in Him that sleep  
Secure for ever ! but for those  
Who wage the warfare still, we weep !

Who still in prayer, in watch, in strife,  
Must labour lest from Christ they move !  
But not for her ! nor death nor life, ‡  
Shall part her from her Saviour's love !

---

\* Matt. xxiii. 39.

† Cant. i. 3.

‡ Rom. viii. 38.



## SAMUEL GURNEY.

(HE DIED IN PARIS.)

A NOBLE heart ! an able head !

He bore the Saviour's yoke in youth,  
And spurn'd the baits a world could spread  
Alien from Christ and from his truth ;  
He served his age, the faith he kept,  
And closed his course, revered and wept !

Kindred and friends have leave to mourn  
When from our side such valiants fall ;  
When ties to such a Friend are torn,  
Friend of ourselves, and Friend of all !  
Mourns the stripp'd Church ; She knew before  
His value, and now knows it more !

No foreign ground his English heart  
Retains ! I saw him lowly laid  
While tears of countless mourners start  
Beside his loved One's grassy bed ;  
Both, to the life with Christ new-born,  
Himself their Hope, their Star of morn !

---

## J. J. GURNEY.

DEPARTED in thy prime,  
Safe from the evil time !  
It seems an alter'd clime  
    This scene bereft of thee !  
Homeward thy spirit fled  
As heavenly beckoning led,  
Nor knew that languid bed  
    The bed of death to be !

'Twas mercy to be near  
The river without fear,  
Or lingering, while so dear  
    Was every tender tie :  
Surely thy covenant God  
Had quieted the flood,  
That thou mightst pass dry-shod  
    Up to the gate on high !

Did we not hear " Well done  
Thou good and faithful one ?"  
The race with patience run,  
    The Saviour, eyed, obeyed ;  
For thou, through conflict, pain,  
Didst own Him before men,  
" Hurt by the archers" then,  
    Now, " more than conqueror made !"

Hear that approving voice,  
Heaven's welcome from earth's cross,  
Ye sorrowing ones ! rejoice,  
    Yea, praise, though "flesh be weak ;"  
'Tis His whose name is balm,  
It breathes a sacred calm,  
He gives salvation's palm  
    To the victorious meek !

Long had he craved and pray'd  
That ye might all be led  
With holiest aim to tread  
    The footsteps of the flock ;  
Owning, through all your days  
Your Lord in all your ways,  
And building, to His praise,  
    On Him the living Rock.

Then "precious" be this death,  
Quickening the life of faith !  
"Arise !" our loved one saith  
    To all, for all were dear :  
And, would we faithful prove  
To his "yet speaking" love,  
Let us obedient move,  
    Following his bright career !

Talents from Nature's store,  
And wealth of varied lore,

Subserved (as Paul's of yore)  
Gifts of the Spirit free  
To set forth, far and wide,  
Jesus, the Crucified,  
As Saviour, Shepherd, Guide,  
And Governor to be !

After His mind renew'd,  
At home, beyond the flood,  
He labour'd "doing good"  
To prisoner, outcast, slave ;  
In charities sublime,  
Embracing every clime,  
His powers, his wealth, his time  
With open hand he gave.

The Church, while fain to weep,  
For servants fall'n asleep,  
The shield of faith must keep,  
Though militant, yet bound  
With yon triumphant band  
Before the throne that stand  
With harps in every hand,  
And all with glory crown'd.

Yet, unreprieved by grace,  
We pant *more* for the place  
Where we may see the face  
In beauty of the King,

With those we loved below ;  
 And, freed from sin and woe,  
 In garments like the snow  
 "Worthy the Lamb" may sing!

---

TO ELIZA P. GURNEY.

(A SEQUEL TO "J. J. G.")

THOU, loving Partner ! too  
 That intimately knew  
 His value, sound and true,  
 And knew it past all count !  
 Rejoice ! His spirit freed,  
 Hath cast the pilgrim weed,  
 And naught can hurt, impede,  
 Or crush, on Zion's Mount !

Rejoice ! Thou didst thy part :  
 Thine was a faithful heart !  
 Still, though the tear will start,  
 Be it a grateful tear :  
 Oppress'd, misunderstood,  
 Ill, spoken of his good,  
 'Twas thine, above the flood  
 To bear him and to cheer !

Tried by Affliction's fire,  
 Our spirits should aspire !  
 How would his heart desire  
 The Brother of his love \*  
 "Pursuing," though cast down,  
 (Brother and Sister† gone !)  
 Might keep that armour on,  
 He hath not now to prove.

How had he loved the thought  
 That She who shared his lot,  
 Should own what God hath wrought,  
 And, bending to His will,  
 Find this a Rod to show  
 The fruit of chastening woe  
 That, in the Church below,  
 To Christ brings glory still !

---

### SAMUEL TUKE.

WAS e'er such intellect, the glow  
 Of highest mind's diviner ray,  
 So far subjected to the sway,  
 That renders childlike, meek, and low ?

---

\* Samuel Gurney.

† Elizabeth Ery.

How rich his speech ! Though insight rare  
    Into all bearings of the theme  
    Might sometimes make him complex seem,  
Feadly to Truth was ever there !

My highest treat, in days that be  
    Already in the distance dim,  
    Was interchange of mind with him,  
Who condescended e'en to me.

No treasury such as he possest  
    Is fathom'd by shortsighted search :  
    I pause : Let his indebted Church,  
And his skill'd children, speak the rest !

---

### HANNAH MORE.

WHEN oft my Parents, dear and good,  
    Took me, in childhood's days of yore,  
    With them to visit Hannah More,  
At her belovèd "Barley Wood."

Oh then I little understood  
    The value of that privilege ;  
    To listen to her brilliant age  
Conversing as none other could.

For mind and memory it was food  
To look upon her, and admire  
An eye still flashing youthful fire,  
As flash'd her wit at "Barley Wood."

But change comes on : and not for good !  
A band of robbers, in the guise  
Of her pet household, victimize  
The invalid of "Barley Wood"—

And drive from that dear solitude—  
Now, by her faithful friends removed  
From Barley Wood, so fondly loved,  
To safer home on Avon's flood.

Adieu for ever "Barley Wood !"  
Sepulchral shades now gathering o'er  
The worn and injured Hannah More ;  
So greatly gifted, greatly good !

---

### SUSANNA CORDER.

CAN Time, to thee, have brought  
So soon the eventide ?  
But all is well with thee,  
For thou hast sought  
Jesus, the Crucified !



Though ailing oft, and oft  
 With various suffering tried,  
 Still hast thou loved thy Lord ;  
 Still hast thou wrought  
 For Him, the Crucified !

Oh, let this golden thought  
 Gleam on thy eventide,  
 That thou hast served His cause,  
 And glory brought  
 To Him, the Crucified !

*P. S.*—Now, loved One, thou hast sought  
 In Heaven His sheltering side !  
 For ever safe with Him  
 Who loved and bought  
 Thy soul, the Crucified !

---

ELIZA FLETCHER.

UNCHANGED as when I saw thee last,  
 I trace thine image now,  
 When not a shade had overcast  
 Thy soul-illumined brow.

And if 'twere thine, a cloud to meet  
 At close of life's long way,  
 More sweet thy rest in Christ, more sweet  
 To thee the break of day.

In Christian hope, that bless'd thy grave,  
We glanced the heavenly shore,  
Nor murmur'd that the swelling wave  
Thee to the haven bore.

It cheer'd the sorrowing heart to trace,  
Mark'd in thy calm decline,  
That, bright'ning all thy gifts, the grace  
Of lowliness was thine !

Thine age, so rich in mental store,  
In feeling's well-spring warm,  
Taught with its own persuasive lore,  
And while it taught, could charm.

An union rare, of courtly guise,  
With heart of love so strong,  
Fraught with all genuine sympathies,  
And pierced by human wrong.

How many a spring, thy head laid low,  
We lose, of generous deed,  
Oh, large of heart ! whose overflow  
Our fulness did exceed !

As ARNOLD's name prints Loughrigg's brow,  
As Rydal, WORDSWORTH's bears,  
Easedale's recess shall treasure now  
THY memory, dear as theirs !

## TO JULIET M. F.

(DEATH OF ANOTHER OF ROBERT BARCLAY'S  
DAUGHTERS.)

HEAVEN has its favourites still :  
The Saviour soon removes  
To dwellings on His holy hill  
Whom He beholds and loves.

Here rest thee—nor deplore  
Too long, thy youthful friend :  
Love more the land, and seek it more,  
Where ransom'd souls ascend.

Seek now the robe of white,  
It fits both worlds—like snow,  
That rests not only on the height,  
But clothes the vale below.

May balm of Gilead's land  
Console thy friends, bereft,  
By severings of their sister-band  
In mercy warn'd, and left.

Warn'd by a lesson deep,  
That breathes, " Weep not for me !"  
But with me wake from every sleep  
That dims eternity !

The stroke Earth's homes that rends  
Heaven's union doth prepare,  
And more of Heaven on hearts descends  
Whose treasured ones are there.

Take, in the increase, thy part,  
This increase from on high :  
Thine is a sister's faithful heart  
To sisters in the sky—

Take it, to keep thy way  
In Life's eventful prime ;  
Be this to thee Salvation's day,  
This the "accepted time !"

---

### ALFRED DARBY.

SHALL not thy memory be rife  
On this, thy funeral-day ?  
So late in almost blooming life,  
So swiftly pass'd away !

All joy upon thy pathway shone,  
To banish every cloud ;  
But nightfall came, with twilight none,  
And dropp'd the solemn shroud !

Companion, once, in earlier date !  
Now Teacher ! in a strain  
Of pathos deep ; how man's estate,  
At best, is surely vain !

Much was there, then, the hope to move,  
That, on the slippery ground  
Of prosperous youth, a Saviour's love  
Within thy heart was found !

Did it not live, through all the blaze  
Of sunshine on thy way ?  
Such trembling hope the mourner stays  
On this, thy funeral-day !

---

BARNARD DICKINSON.

NEVER, upon this fallen earth,  
Was "Israelite indeed,"  
If not this man of priceless worth,  
Whose spirit now is freed.

Freed from the load of lingering pains  
His later life that press'd,  
Freed to unite in praiseful strains  
With the redeem'd and blest !

Not just the man (some might have thought)  
Friendship would thus bewail :  
They knew not Him, who knew Him not  
At home, and in "The Dale"—

His genial kindness, and the glow  
Of heart to all around !  
Such spring of goodness could not flow  
From aught but holy ground !

It dew'd the hill—water'd the plain,  
The Poor his sacred care !  
Never to him appeal was vain  
When help was wanted there !

We joy for him—that he is freed  
From suffering ! but, the while,  
We mourn "an Israelite indeed—  
In whom there was no guile !"

---

### ANN DICKINSON.

THOU hadst averred that never verse  
Would sing of thee : Nor all disproved  
Such prophecy : I but rehearse  
Some notice of the lost and loved—

And only use convenient rhyme  
 For sketches brief and slight as these,  
 Nor dare in Poesy's name sublime  
 To utter simple "Memories."

But if the beautiful and true  
 Be Poesy's theme, and proper sphere,  
 Then, to none more than thee were due  
 The meed of glowing song sincere!

*Home* was thine orbit: Never star  
 Kept more its own, nor brighter beam'd;  
 Gladdening the near, Thy light, afar  
 With warm and cheering radiance gleam'd.

Most I recall thee in the day,  
 Good olden day (but *not* of rest!)  
 When all things at "The Dale" made way  
 For "General Meeting's" every guest.

No matter where the Inmates lie!  
 The elastic House expands amain!  
 —When shall such goodly company  
 As 'neath that roof be seen again?

But, now, the House "not made with hands"  
 Veils thee from eyes that justly grieve!  
 —Oh, how the "Eternal Door" expands  
 My "Friends and Kindred" to receive!

## JOSEPH BEWLEY.

As serpent wise, at once, to be,  
And yet unharmed as the dove,  
Is crucial test of prudent love,  
And both were recognised in Thee.

Both were thy gifts, as given to few,  
For service in those troublous days  
When, in the Church, the Servant's praise  
Was so to walk, no harm to do!

Oft an uneasy path was thine,  
As over thorns, or sea of glass,  
Whereon, safe and upright, to pass,  
Call'd for a skill and stay divine!

Yet Caution, needful though it be,  
(And woe to them that make it so,)  
Dwarfs finer shoots that else would grow,  
And cramps the genuine Liberty!

Thy spirit, in another sphere,  
Its nobler freedom could display  
In thy loved country's fearful day  
When Famine\* seized with grasp severe.

---

\* The Irish famine.



As to thy Church, so to thy Land  
Didst thou thy faithful labour give ;  
Thy last !—The Fathers do they live  
For ever ? stricken hearts demand !

---

### MARY LECKY.

THUS, one by one, our friends remove !  
But Memory holds them still !  
I think upon that heart of love  
Which only Death could chill !

Her welcome warm, I ne'er forget,  
To *Kilnock's* ancient hall ;  
I see her on the landing yet  
Whence the first greetings fall !

For Illness, then, upstairs confined,  
But Illness had not power  
Those notes of welcoming to bind  
Within her chamber-bower !

With all her woman's gentleness  
And unassuming guise,  
She early did her Lord confess  
And serve by sacrifice.

To His great cause of Peace and Truth  
Was early, faithful found ;  
All but a martyr in her youth,  
The rope her neck around !

*Kilnock's* wide hospitality  
It may, and does, retain :  
But now to me, can never be  
The old *Kilnock* again !

---

### EDWARD PEASE.

PATRIARCH of a lengthen'd line !  
Many generations Thou  
Numberest as already thine,  
In thy widening circle now.

Blessing crowns thy favour'd Home !  
Thine is *not* the patriarch's woe  
That thy sons to honour come,  
And thou art not given to know !

In thy morn the Saviour drew,  
Gently drew thy heart above :  
Noon, with thee, was service true,  
Fruitful age is praise and love !

Many works of many days,  
Many projects thine have been ;  
To thy prescience " Iron-ways"  
Present, ere by others seen.

But while thus to serve thine age  
Was not deem'd a work in vain ;  
Most it did thy thoughts engage  
How to spread Immanuel's reign !

Wont thy favourite theme to be !  
And thy letters breathe the same ;  
As the precious balm to thee  
Is the savour of His name !

Thou dost speak of Him, and write :  
Thou art known beyond the seas ;  
Thou the missives doth indite,  
Many eyes that still can please.

Sound thy faith, in evil days  
That our churches did befall :  
Bright thy works—and all the praise  
Given to Christ, thine all in all !

Very pleasant hast thou been,  
Very dear to mine and me !  
Heavenly Sun ! let parting sheen  
Bid the gathering shadows flee !

*P.S.*—Late, the sickle was put in  
 This ripe “shock of corn” to reap :  
 And he set in “parting sheen”  
 When, in Christ, he fell asleep !

---

### GEORGE STACEY.

ANOTHER faithful friend is fled,  
 Another stedfast labourer gone,  
 Another conqueror bends the head  
 To take the crown for ever won !

Not slothful in life's toil, yet still  
 Fervent in spirit, serving Him  
 He loved and own'd, with loyal will,  
 From youth's bright morn to evening dim.

What, if “not slothful” in his toil ?  
 If his full day laborious seem'd ?  
 He, with the needy, shared the spoil  
 Of working hours, of time redeem'd.

Labour, and time, ungrudgingly,  
 He gave, as those he succour'd knew :  
 Oh faithful friend of mine and me ;  
 Whose sympathies were deep and true :

All human misery moved his soul,  
 Slavery and wrong, in every form ;  
 His calmer judgment might control,  
 But could not check, the impulse warm.

Impulse, that wrought not by the tongue,  
 But by strong hand, and strenuous will !  
 Oh Friendship ! I had done thee wrong  
 Had my poor harp kept silence still !

---

MARY STACEY : SARAH ABBOTT :  
 MARGARET BRAGG.

SISTERS SEVEN ! of race so good,  
 Honour'd, for to God so true !  
 But these Three, alone, I knew  
 Of that goodly Sisterhood.

STACEY'S rule of wisdom, grace,  
 'Twas a privilege to see :  
 All were sway'd unconsciously,  
 Who, within her sphere, had place.

Loved, maternal Friend ! from me,  
 Well was this small tribute won !  
 —Mother of my dearest One  
 Gave her child in charge to Thee !

Face, familiar at my Sire's,  
ABBOTT! with thy smile benign!  
Genial godliness was thine,  
And the zeal that love inspires!

Thou but left, for duties new,  
Kendal's wonted, useful sphere—  
Plymouth's orphan'd brood to rear,  
Which, as mother, loved thee too!

BRAGG! once more, thy forceful tone,  
As I muse, I seem to hear!  
Preaching Christ—thy character  
Had a freshness all its own!

Warm in friendship, strong in faith,  
As thy Sisters! all are fled!  
Blessèd are such sainted dead  
From henceforth! the Spirit saith!

---

A. C. B.

So frail is human life; so oft the best  
Descend, lamented, to untimely rest,  
That Sorrow's lyre can no new strain supply  
Though cherish'd Hope expire and Virtue die!

Words brief and few may utter genuine  
woe ;

When one so loved is laid, at noontide,  
low :

So world-unspotted, wealth unspoil'd, who  
won

Fresh lowliness, e'en from the prosperous  
sun !

Ill could we spare him, when the unlook'd-for  
grave

Closed on the hopes his manly promise gave  
Of after - life, with that choice blessing  
crown'd

Which gives the bliss of blessing all around.

Well may the full heart sorrow o'er a bier,  
That bears a friend so cordial and sincere !  
For such a son his stricken mother grieves ;  
The Poor weep with her, whom such loss  
bereaves !

The wreck of purposes and prospects fair  
His beauteous Home's unfinished works de-  
clare :

Not incomplete like these did treacherous  
death

Find the firm fabric of his Christian Faith !

“ They build too low, who build beneath the  
skies :”

Then, warn'd anew, our hearts should heaven-  
ward rise :

He built on JESUS, and nor storm nor shock  
Can shake the structure founded on that Rock!

---

### ELIZABETH DUDLEY.

DYING alone ! The Succourer of so many !  
Her wonted seat beside the dying bed !  
Oh, we had reckon'd *her* the last of any  
Untended thus to bow her honour'd head !

Rich in the heart-love of a band so countless  
Of loving friends and grateful debtors too,  
Yet left alone ! Alone she rallied, dauntless,  
To face the King of Terrors, full in view.

Well, that she had not then, her couch to soften,  
To seek the Friend that can all fears control !  
The Gospel-Hope, she ministered so often  
To others, now sustain'd her parting soul.

Still, from her duteous morn to mellow even,  
Had flow'd the Gospel-message, clear and  
sweet,



From lips already tuned to songs of heaven,  
Where every crown is cast at Jesus' feet.

Her works do follow ; Prisoner, Slave, Be-  
nighted,  
And Fall'n—for these her heart grew never  
cold :

The "nigh to perish" bless'd her, and requited  
With heartfelt witnessing, on high enroll'd !

That *lonely* death-bed scene, her Lord might  
order,

(*Past*, ere 'twas known ! His ways are not  
as ours !)

Revealing thus, e'en on the river's border,  
His all-sufficiency in dying hours !

Then not alone she died ! She died in honour ;  
His everlasting Arm was underneath ;  
His countenance of light, lifted upon her,  
Could cheer with smiles her peaceful bed  
of death !

Mourn'd by the Church ; by tender friends  
lamented,

She leaves a name better than ointment rare !  
Oh, thus to end such life as she hath ended,  
Then rise to Heaven, and join the ransom'd  
there !

## ANNA BRAITHWAITE.

THE world might court, but Jesus drew ;  
Reason might soar, but Grace subdued ;  
She freely gave the offering due,  
The service of a heart renewed.

Still faithful to the Guide, who led  
Her favour'd youth, we saw her pass  
Through honour'd age to peaceful bed  
'Neath lowly Kent-side's mantling grass.

Nothing reserved ! Time, talents, health,  
Subservient to her Lord's employ,  
Who made her "rich in faith," in wealth  
Of flowing peace and holy joy.

Large powers were on the altar laid !  
Large love ! and large alike, we know,  
The heart of sympathy that made  
Its own concern, another's woe.

Bound to the Truth ; jealous for God,  
And true to Christ, at His command,  
She could "leave all" to spread abroad,  
His glorious Name in foreign land.

Who honoureth Him, He honoureth still,  
From youth to age the Faith she kept,  
Fulfill'd her brightening course, until  
She died in honour, loved and wept!

---

## ISAAC BRAITHWAITE.

OH faithful friend! call'd in unlook'd-for hour!  
Familiar face, both in thy home and mine:  
Above thy grave, my spirit hath not power  
Fitly for thee to frame the elegiac line!

Devoted from thy youth to service high,  
In Christ's own cause, with loyal heart and  
true;  
And ready, at His bidding, to deny  
All other claim, and yield the offering due.

At home, to serve the Gospel, or abroad,  
Bound, with thine other Self, across the  
main,  
To spread it there; thus ye together trod  
A path not always straight, and oft of pain.

How prompt to meet with aid and sympathy  
All ills that man, wherever suffering,  
proved!

It cheer'd thy large and loving heart to be,  
In recompense, so well and widely loved.

Science and Letters, and the echo warm  
Of minstrel's lay so often on thy tongue,  
Made thine a choice companionship, to charm  
The buoyant and the grave, the old and  
young.

How lately hadst thou come to soothe and  
grace

The days of sorrow in this darken'd Glen!  
We mingled grief for loved ones; here whose  
place

Knows them no more, nor sees their like  
again!

But thou hast follow'd; evermore, to be

With THY Belovèd, at your Saviour's side;  
*I* left to struggle in an adverse sea

With the wild waters that from MINE  
divide!

---

RACHEL LLOYD :  
DEBORAH CREWDSON : AND  
DOROTHY BENSON.

BRIGHT Sisters three, while side by side  
So lovely ! and when Matrons all,  
Even in age, still beautiful,  
The crown of Husbands gratified !

RACHEL ! who seem'd, at bounteous " Farm,"  
As if, for her, things were too good ;  
But, for her guests, that nothing could  
Be good enough—her heart so warm !

DEBORAH ! of dear " Helm Lodge" the queen,  
For of this humble Christian, there  
The charities right queenly were—  
Her heart as royal as her mien !

And DOROTHY ! whose kindly light  
With warm and winning radiance play'd  
Throughout her circle, while it made  
Her own " Park-Side" a scene so bright !

Now, all departed, lowly lie  
And all with their loved Partners rest :  
Their children rise and call them blest—  
And " Blest are they in Christ who die !"

## JOHN AND MARTHA YEARDLEY.

THEIR early sacrifice to own  
Their gracious Lord saw meet,  
With special bliss of choicest boon,  
An union so complete !

For mission-work alike prepared,  
And loving the employ,  
Together oft the toil they shared  
And shared the harvest joy.

Lively in spirit and in thought,  
In mien so gently bright,  
Their Master's good report they brought,  
His service their delight.

Oh, choice and blest companionship,  
Sweet life for Jesus led !  
Together now in Him they sleep  
With all the sainted dead !

Though dead they speak, still in accord,  
Lift, slumbering Church, thine eye !  
On whitening fields, and ask thy Lord  
More labourers to supply !

## RACHEL FRANCIS FOX.

OH, faithful friend! In thee there was no  
guile!

I bend, lamenting, o'er thy pallid brow!  
The beauteous clay, bright with the holy smile,  
That Heaven impresses for our comfort  
now!

Then, loved one, not for thee, but for *our* loss;  
Not, with that smile, for thee, flow sorrow-  
ing tears!

They smile in death, who die beneath the Cross,  
And find deliverance *there* from all their  
fears.

Sincere, upright, made of "the pure in heart;"  
In Truth's clear light, in Love's persuasive  
power,

To her 'twas given sound counsel to impart  
In exigence, and cheer in sorrow's hour.

Courteous to all—the poor her kindness shared,  
She "succoured many," bade the troubled  
trust;

They could not recompense—the free reward  
Awaits the resurrection of the just.

Unselfish to the last—she could dispel  
 With cheerful calm her suffering chamber's  
 gloom,  
 Hers was love's task, latest and best, to tell  
 How gently Christ could lead, e'en to the  
 tomb.

Lead the freed spirit to its home above!—  
 How rich our treasure in that region fair!  
 His glorious presence! and the Friends we love  
 How fast he gathers! Let our hearts be  
 there!

---

MARGARET CREWDSON.

RIPENING for heaven!  
 This was my thought of Thee  
 In our last converse free,  
 Ripening for heaven!  
 That converse free and sweet  
 Show'd Thee for heaven so meet,  
 Sitting at Jesus' feet  
 Ripening for heaven!  
 Ripening for heaven!  
 Though tears were on Thy cheek  
 As Thou didst humbly speak  
 Of sin forgiven!



And how the troublous flood  
Of grief, vicissitude,  
And pain, had wrought for good,  
Ripening for heaven !

Ripening for heaven !  
Ready Thy loved ones here  
To leave, safe in His care  
Who call'd to heaven—  
Who all Thy griefs had known,  
Who saw the work was done,  
And then His faithful one  
Took home to heaven !

Ripe, Ripe for heaven !  
Thou enterest, casting down  
Before Him every crown  
His grace had given—  
He gives Thee harp and palm  
To join in the new psalm  
Of victory through the Lamb,  
That gladdens heaven !

Ripe, Ripe for heaven !  
Ripe for its sacred joy,  
Ripe for its pure employ,  
Ripe, Ripe for heaven !

To meet on that safe shore  
The loved ones gone before,  
For ever, ever more  
At Rest in heaven !

---

## JOHN T. BARRY.

OF worthy Cause the Pioneer !  
In cares untold, in toil and strife ;  
The Sacredness of human life !  
That Cause, to Him, as life was dear !

He saw not fruit : The Labourer knows  
Oft, small success ! That Cause shall rise  
As grow Ideas that civilize,  
As fealty to the Gospel grows !

Not "eye for eye,"\* nor life for life,  
Can tally with the Christian Code !  
Eternal Issues are for God,  
His own, and sole, prerogative !

Another Code might suit the Day  
Debarr'd from Revelation clear :  
But all its sanctions disappear  
Before the Gospel's perfect ray !

---

\* Sermon on the Mount.

It might have place, however dread,  
Till Immortality, to light  
Was brought : But never, in full sight  
Of that great Issue on Life's thread !

To hold it still, is to forget  
Christ's teaching from "The Mount"\* to  
draw,  
To spurn His Law, and make our Law,  
By act, the rape of life, abet !

Without defence is Penalty  
Which, as no righteous one *could* do,  
Shocks Jury, Judge, and Audience too,  
Gains Culprits Public sympathy.

Lost Champion ! Thee, I mourn the more  
This day, † when to Eternity  
Another, who unsaved may be,  
Is sent, by laws, that Christ's, ignore !

---

\* Sermon on the Mount.

† The day of an execution.

ON READING HANNAH (MARSH) B.'s  
POEMS.

MINSTREL, whose harp sweet music gave  
To Zion's numbers strung !  
When that sweet harp, where willows wave  
With cypress, mute is hung,  
Shalt thou, to thine untimely grave,  
Descend, thyself unsung ?

How soothingly that harp could sing,  
When loved ones bow'd the head !  
And make still more a holy thing  
The memory of the dead !—  
Shall we not touch our feebler string,  
For thee, when thou art fled ?

For thee, who bad'st the simplest theme  
Give out rich melody ;  
In tranquil, oft in sparkling stream,  
Of genuine poesy ;  
That still reflects the heavenly beam,  
Hallowing thy minstrelsy !

This praise, thy lowliness, so deep,  
Had disavow'd, we know ;  
But praise (while bending o'er thy sleep)  
Will blend with plaintive woe !

Wave, cypress! wave! and willows weep,  
For loveliness laid low!

Yet Faith beholds thee, white-robed, stand,  
With Jesus, lovelier still;  
Rejoicing with the ransomed band  
That compass Sion-hill;  
Led by their Saviour's loving hand,  
Where flows the Living Rill!

Do not the mourners see thee *there*?  
Are they not comfortèd?—  
Those, their Redeemer's life who share  
We seek not 'mongst the dead;  
But where, sublimed to Praise, is Prayer,  
And Faith is vision made!

---

ISABEL CASSON.

THOU, for thy Lord, surrender'd all,  
And, dedicate to His employ,  
Didst prove that hearts, given at His call,  
Are most at liberty for joy!

Thou didst our scenery love and praise,  
With us its varied charms explore,  
Erst, in Glen Rothay's social days,  
Days, known to that sad Glen no more!

For they are vanish'd, once, who gave  
Those social hours their highest zest ;  
Some lie beyond the western wave,  
So dear to those, at home, who rest !  
Oh for the Faith that things unseen,  
And Heaven's unchanging joy, brings near ;  
Where waters roll no more between,  
Nor death can sever, Friendships dear !

---

JOSEPH TALWIN FOSTER,  
AND HIS FATHER,  
JOSEPH FOSTER (OF BROMLEY).

THIS slight memorial, sadly penn'd,  
More due could be to none  
My Friend ! and, of my Father's friend  
To latest life, the Son !  
Bromley ! the favour'd dwelling-place  
Of love and piety !  
The lessening circle thins apace  
That now remember thee !  
The Father to Christ's cause was bound,  
And fitting was his word,  
" I die a Christian," when the sound  
Of sudden call he heard !

Unmurmuring now, again, we lay,  
 While parting from the Son,  
 The hand upon the mouth, and say,  
 Resign'd, Thy will be done !

The ways of God, as ours, are not !  
 Again He hath decreed  
 To take, whom most, as we had thought,  
 His Church and circle need !

Learn, sorrowing Church, while solemn lore  
 Thus in thy hearing, rings,  
 That thou, in Christ, hath "boundless store,"  
 In whom are all thy springs !

---

### PHILLIPPA WILLIAMS.

YES ; the midnight messenger  
 Found her full of faith and days !  
 Let my humble lyre for her  
 Breathe of love, if not of praise ;  
 Who, with kindly-partial ear,  
 Loved to listen to its lays.

Never, brightest of the bright,  
 Never I thy like shall see !  
 Age was youth ; and evening, light ;

Death, translation ; when to thee  
Fell that message in the night,  
“ Faithful servant, come to me !”

Scarcely known, the wealth (in truth)  
Age, in brightness, holds in store :  
No disparagement to youth,  
That we prize *their* converse more  
Who can wisely stay and soothe,  
Living lights of ripen'd lore !

Mourns the social circle wide,  
More and more, the loss to see :  
Wider still doth woe betide  
All the Poor who weep for thee,  
Prompt to aid and wise to guide,  
Heart and hand of Charity !

Now the victory is won,  
Through the Lamb “ without one plea :”  
Now He tells this humble one,  
Saying, “ Lord, when saw I Thee  
Wanting aught ?” “ What thou hast done  
For my Poor was done to me !”

---



ELIZABETH CLIBBORN : AND  
REBECCA GRUBB.

The "Anner Mills" of days gone by  
Enjoy'd an honour'd name !  
For Christian hospitality  
Wide was its well-earn'd fame.

The Daughters of that House renown'd  
Were fair, and good as fair :  
Two, their admiring husbands crown'd\*—  
Each pair a goodly pair.

REBECCA, maiden life approved ;  
And thus to England gave  
Long years, until the Aunt† she loved  
Descended to the grave—

That Aunt, a pattern, by the rule  
Of ancient ladyhood ;  
Yet, not, though of the stately school,  
Too stately to be good.

Dear Friends, and neighbours in the "Grove!"  
Once, in that former day !  
Both now departed ! Those we love,  
How fast they fleet away !

---

\* Prov. xii. 4.

† Hannah Pim.

ELIZABETH, was timely wise  
 To Jesus' yoke to bow ;  
 Blessing and bless'd, her children rise  
 And call her blessèd now !

Of Anner Mills the bounteous Head  
 At eve, as in her noon ;  
 She lived to weep her husband dead,  
 But follow'd him too soon !

Full of good works, not to be hid,  
 She died, and full of days :  
 I pause : than Her, few would forbid  
 More strictly, human praise !

---

•

JANE CREWDSON.

SICKNESS no more, nor failing breath,  
 But joyful Rest at last ;  
 No more of sorrow, pain, or death,  
 "The former things are past."

Amid our grief we joy for thee,  
 Awakening, satisfied,  
 Where spreads the living, healing Tree  
 Above the crystal tide.

There, in the likeness of thy Lord,  
Whom Thou hadst loved so long,  
To prove how firm His faithful word,  
With all the ransom'd throng.

Thy service, in the work of Faith,  
Was register'd above,  
Patience made perfect unto death !  
Now, all is life and love.

That theme, celestial hosts among  
Still new, from age to age,  
"Worthy the Lamb" had been thy song  
Through painful pilgrimage.

To heavenly harp the Spirit freed  
Attunes the wonted strain,  
Whose echo must our love forbid  
To wish thee here again !

---

JAMES CROPPER.

My Father's old and faithful friend,  
The friend of human kind !  
And, most of all, friend of the Slave  
That in his fetters pined :  
The Slave ! whose cause so long employ'd  
His pen, his heart, his mind !

Not e'en his Railway\* triumph, him  
Delighted, like success  
Of any effort for the Slave,  
Or prospect of redress :  
Well might the negro's ear that heard  
His name, so honour'd, bless !

Nor to the negro were confined  
His cares : In England too  
The public mind he sought to reach  
By pattern, in its view,  
Of School Industrial, that might move  
The example to pursue.

His zeal, who, that beheld, forgot ?  
Zeal, sanguine without peer,  
For human Progress, when to him  
The eternal world was near :  
Such life, for onward works of love  
Should his survivors cheer !

---

\* The Liverpool and Manchester Railway.

---

## JOSEPH STURGE.

IF noblest he, who is from Self most free,  
Thou, honour'd Friend! wert noblest I have  
known!

Many have braved the world, but who, like  
Thee,

Had banish'd Self, and Duty served alone  
In Self-oblivion, through thy Saviour's grace?  
Great was His grace upon thee! On thy face  
The impress of divine communion shone—  
Like him, with whom the Highest did con-  
descend,

For Israel's sake, to commune as a Friend!

And Thou, like him, didst labour for a race  
Enslaved in worse than Egypt's galling chain;  
Didst lead, like him, the captives to release  
Through life-long struggles in a wild of pain;  
Didst see them free! and then depart in  
peace!

---

## JOSEPH ROWNTREE.

“BETTER to wear out, than to rust :”  
Yet hard the labourer to resign !  
As now, when premature decline  
Prostrates the useful, wise, and just !—

To teach the Church a “better way ;”  
Too stringent action to resist,  
To dwarf “disownment’s” fearful list,—  
The labour of his later day.

Convinced it was a righteous deed  
To wage the contest : In the face  
Of strong withstanding, did he brace  
His nerves for conflict—and succeed !

He won, through toil and sacrifice :—  
And costly is the victory  
When, ere the conquerer may see  
His conquest’s harvesting, he dies !

But all was well ; or life, or death  
To him, safe at his Saviour’s side !  
He Jesus loved, and magnified  
With living voice, and parting breath !

And they who mourn his honour'd dust,  
Throughout his path, can, thankful, trace  
The fruit of faith, the work of grace,—  
Path of the useful, wise, and just !

---

JULIA (S.) R.

RESIGN'D, though tender mourners bow,  
In this surpassing woe,  
Assured that what they know not now  
Hereafter they shall know—

Yet in such page of human life  
Its texture true appears,  
Its conflict, suffering, change, and strife,  
Its discipline and tears.

But Faith discerns a heavenly ray  
When all is dark below ;  
To walk by Faith is wisdom's way  
When sight is only woe !

To walk by Faith is to be blest—  
In Faith's account, our pain  
Results in peace, our change in rest,  
Our bitterest loss in gain.

Faith is a gift—not by our task  
 Procured—The gift is free :  
 Ask it, ye tender mourners, ask,  
 And ye shall solaced be !

“Blest are the dead in Christ who sleep,”  
 We know, the Spirit saith,  
 And blest the living, while they weep,  
 When they can walk by Faith !

---

### LUKE AND MARIABELLA HOWARD.

(DURING LUKE H.'S ILLNESS).

“ANCHOR'D in Jesus !”—Be it life or death !  
 Yet these are hours that test the strongest faith  
 Of sorrowing watchers ! Honour'd Friend, for  
 thee  
 Whose life hath spoken what thy death must  
 be,  
 We fear not : thou art His, whate'er betide,  
 Living or dying, His, for us who died !  
 Grant, Lord, strong faith to all ! Pour its full  
 ray  
 On the loved Partner of his lengthen'd day—  
 Who, calmly bent to suffer all thy will,  
 Feels not the less affection's anxious thrill ;



Yet strives the Christian's warfare to maintain,  
The Christian's watch, through grief, priva-  
tion, pain :

Hers the true worship of a Trust entire,  
Hers true thanksgiving—praising in the fire !  
Sustain this trust, until thy Pilgrim sees  
The Saviour, whom she loveth, as He is !

*P.S.*—She sees Him now ! She heard the call  
“ Arise,

He calleth thee,” and met Him in the skies—  
Left her life's Partner to His better care  
Who casts not off in age and hoary hair :  
—By a loved Daughter watch'd so fondly,  
then,

He lived to pass the Fourscore years and ten !  
Both, unforsaken, to their latest day  
Leaving a shining track to mark their way !

---

DR THOMAS (OF BALTIMORE).

BELOVED, admir'd, congenial Friend !  
What heavy tidings these !  
Vainly thine eve of life to spend,  
Health-seeking, on the seas !

Too soon, for us, came the command  
That call'd to thy true home :  
But thou, who loved thy Fatherland,  
Escaped from ill to come !

Gifted, accomplish'd—and above  
All else, of faith unfeign'd !  
And, joying in thy Saviour's love,  
To preach that love constrain'd !

Thy countrymen, a foremost race,  
May fresh and forceful be ;  
But polish, dignity, and grace  
Adorn'd thy energy !

Yet while, for thee, my spirit grieves,  
And pours the elegiac line—  
Another "loved Physician"\* lives  
Alike thy Friend,† and mine !

A threefold cord ! a precious bond  
Of brotherhood, remains—  
And bids us look the grave beyond  
Where the One Master reigns !

But well may'st thou, at home, be wept  
With such a genuine grief,  
Who, impress deep, abroad, hast left  
In sojourning so brief !

---

\* Col. iv. 14.

† Samuel B. Tobey, M.D.

How precious is such impress sweet  
On both the far and near !  
No eye that saw Thee but would greet  
Thy memory with a tear !

---

## WILLIAM DENT.

THOU well couldst supervise thy Farm,  
And well thy "yoke of oxen" prove,  
Nor fail in the devoted love  
To CHRIST, that fill'd thy bosom warm.

Thy corn-stacks were no less a sight  
Renown'd, a goodly sight to see,  
That thy Lord's vineyard-work, by Thee,  
Was counted as thy chief delight.

How Heaven can bless the "merchandize"  
That never holds the primary place !  
How, e'en in Temporals, heavenly grace  
Strengthens the judgment, clears the eyes !

Thy "good report" was widely known :  
Thy very mien of goodness told :  
Loved by the Church, by young and old,  
To latest Eve that brightly shone.

But, ere that later Eventide,  
Full well may I remember Thee,  
For kindly willingness to be  
Companion dear, and helpful "Guide!"

The SAVIOUR call'd—his Servant found  
In waiting! Never did the sense  
Of faithful Labourer's recompense,  
With stripp'd Survivors, more abound!

---

### ROBERT WHITTAKER.

ANOTHER lesson to the Poor  
In spirit, who to others give  
Both help and cheer, while needing more  
Than others solace to receive.

If, to receive than give, less blest,  
How blest, in sight of Heaven is he  
Who serves, while inly aches his breast  
With faithful, healthful ministry!

While, to loved "ACKWORTH," counsel, still,  
And fostering, he could minister;  
Of private woe, and gloom, and ill,  
Sad was the tale pour'd in my ear!

Yet sympathy and love could do,  
 How little! in that touching case:  
 Hopeless, himself, while in the view  
 Of all around, so rich in grace!

And what to him the retrospect  
 Of life in strenuous service spent,  
 Who only saw his own defect,  
 What to condemn, whereof repent?

Though stern Experience in her school  
 Too sorely press'd him, we confess;—  
 Yet, well for those who teach, and rule,  
 To copy him, in lowliness!

---

### THOMAS PUMPHREY.

So early call'd, He, in his prime,  
 Had number'd length of days  
 Given to the service of his Lord  
 And fruitful to His praise!  
 Say not the olden Time was best  
 When This such men can raise!

Another proof of Providence  
 Above us, and around,  
 For whose own work, whose instrument

Is ever to be found ;  
The Plants of whose own planting yet  
Adorn the allotted ground.

I paint Him not—an abler hand  
Presents him to our view\*  
Drawn to the life—my humbler part  
But renders Friendship's due,  
The flower of tender memory  
Upon his grave to strew.

What wonder sorrow dims the eye  
That thus reviews the Past ?  
“ Kindred and Friends departed,” now  
Enriching Heaven so fast,  
And stripping Earth—Oh blessèd hour  
That re-unites at last !

---

### GEORGE RICHARDSON.

HONOUR'D to serve Thy Lord as priest,  
So far beyond the Levite's span,  
For seventy years ! the life of man !  
His service thy continual feast.

---

\* Memoir by John Ford.

His Truth thy stay and aliment ;  
To spread His Book of Truth the employ  
E'en of thine Age, nerved by the joy  
When sinners, taught by Truth, repent !

On thy discourse, while others hung,  
Thou, meekly, to less gifted speech  
Wouldst listen, not more apt to teach  
Than apt to learn, e'en from the young.

Thy balanced mind, so long preserved,  
So freed from stern austerities,  
So capable of counsel wise,  
Served, not an age, but ages, served !

Thy chamber's latest years would see  
Some entering "news"—for thou didst feel  
Much for a world, Thou pray'd for still,  
Nor of its course couldst careless be.

Nor pray'd alone, but from thy bed  
Sent missives on the Heathen's claim,  
To waken zeal, the Saviour's name  
From sea, to farthest sea, to spread !

Calm Thy decline : the westering sky  
With Evening tints so softly bright !  
Thy path was as the shining light  
That grows to perfect day on high !

## DANIEL OLIVER.

CHRISTIAN Love, outflowing, true,  
Pure and warm, can wonders do !  
Make its way where talents fail,  
And, where skill is foil'd, prevail.  
Hoping all, thinking no ill,  
Bearing and enduring still,  
Christian Love can make its way  
Where the wise but halt, or stray !

Let my numbers, rude and free,  
Honour Christian Love in Thee !  
I had known thee well and long  
With thy Colleague\* dear, both strong  
In the strength of Christian Love !  
I have also seen Thee prove  
How, in that perplexing day,  
Christian Love could make its way !

Then, where others gave offence,  
Bold in loving innocence,  
Didst not stumble, with the rest  
In their wisdom ! All confess'd

---

\* George Richardson.



Thou, as Charity, wert kind,  
Wouldst have left "the things behind,"  
Wouldst have onward cheer'd, to press  
For the growth in holiness !

Caution though thou mightst receive  
All things *not* to hope—believe !  
Thine, we own, the better way  
In the Church's better day !  
Discipline may tighten reins,  
But a Love like thine constrains—  
Bringing to the Saviour's feet,  
Where both yoke and rest are sweet !

Oh, how sweet their sainted rest  
Who, like Thee, their Lord confess'd ;  
Bore his yoke, despised the shame,  
Glorying only in His name,  
Spreading wheresoe'er they move  
Uction of His name and Love,  
Thus foretasting, even here,  
Heaven's celestial atmosphere !

---

## JONATHAN AND RACHEL PRIESTMAN.

A PAIR, devoted to their Lord,  
Bound to the cause divine,  
And serving Him, in useful life,  
And e'en in life's decline—  
While, on their duteous path, He made  
His countenance to shine.

The blessings of the earth below  
Did in their lot abound ;  
The dew of heaven upon their hearts  
Made happy, holy ground :  
Blessing prevail'd ; Mercy upheld  
And Lovingkindness crown'd.

Not sever'd long—the Handmaid bow'd,  
Afar,\* her honour'd head ;  
The Servant, with his Master still  
His life's brief remnant led ;  
Now, not divided ; sweet their sleep  
Among our sainted dead !

---

\* In Ireland.

## WILLIAM C. BOWLY.

A MAN in youth—youthful to latest year :  
 Stay of his home, and centre of its love !  
 And loved by all around, who well did prove  
 Their value for him, by their anxious fear  
 When Illness, threatening as a thunder-  
 cloud,  
 Hung o'er his roof, and seized a life so dear—  
*Then*, not without a brief reprieve, allow'd,  
 For farther labour in the harvest-field :  
 He for the Church had labour'd many a day  
 From early years ; and now when Evening  
 ray  
 His harvest-home of peace did brightly gild,  
 Himself was garner'd as the ripen'd corn,  
 The seed-corn, sown to wait the rising morn,  
 And Heaven's increase of harvest-joy to yield !

## FRANCIS FOX.

FRATERNAL Friend ! Why disappears  
 Thy cheering light ere Evening grey ?  
 Why not, with us, awhile delay  
 And fill the measure of thy years ?

I see "the hand you may not see,"  
The heavenly beckoning to the sky :  
Hinder me not—Better that I  
Depart, at rest with CHRIST to be !

We cannot spare thee yet : We feel  
Need of thy counsel, care, and cheer !  
Hinder me not ! I see Him near,  
E'en now, I hear his chariot-wheel !

Nearer to Heaven than we—he knew  
More of the purpose of his Lord,  
And felt the loosening of the cord  
That down to Earth no longer drew !

He slumbers with my treasured dead !  
First of my friends in love, in truth !  
The radiant boy, the ardent youth,  
The able man—the Christian—fled !

Now—of the Six, in close embrace  
Of "frater-feeling," we,\* the left,  
Their faith would follow, thus bereft,  
"Faint, yet pursuing" in the race !

---

\* Wilson Crewdson, and myself.

## JOHN WIGHAM.

IN his calm evening "Days did teach,"  
His faith and patience edified ;  
I listen'd to his gentle speech,  
And felt sweet influence at his side.

Drawn from his home by Gospel cord  
Of Love, that all would seek and save ;  
To spread the knowledge of his Lord  
He labour'd o'er the Atlantic wave.

Withdrawn from service—In his late,  
Darken'd, and weary pilgrimage,  
He served, as those, who "stand and wait,"  
Still serve their Lord from age to age.

His aged eye that, sightless, now,  
Look'd on the things of earth no more,  
By token of his tranquil brow,  
Saw more of heaven than e'er before !

Let days thus teach ! let multitude  
Of years instruct ! my spirit saith,  
When with such Veterans, It is good  
To mark such work of patient faith !

## JOHN WIGHAM, JUNR.

GOOD Labourer for his fellows—now at rest !

A faithful Servant, if not in the line,

Parental and Fraternal,\* given to shine,

Yet honourable alike, and also blest !

The claim of want—the call of the distress'd—

The Prisoner's sighing—the Slave's mute  
appeal—

All found response in his devoted zeal,

Friend of the friendless, Helper of the op-

• press'd !

Nor fell unheeded on his ear the cries

Of Public Rights, abused, to be redress'd :

Nor all these labours could secularize

The Christian calm that ruled his subject  
breast !

Good Citizen of Earth ! to him 'twas given,

E'en here, to be the Citizen of Heaven !†

\* Anthony Wigham, who, like their father, J. W., was an acceptable minister of the Gospel.

† "Our conversation (citizenship) is in heaven."—Phil. iii. 20.

## EDWARD RICHARDSON.

Not taken by surprise,  
When came his Lord's command,  
But prompt to meet Him in the skies  
With burning lamp in hand.

Not to his own surprise,  
As various tokens spoke,  
When "the desire of loving eyes  
Was taken with a stroke."

No—not to his surprise !  
But deeply to our own,  
While Friends and Kindred mingle sighs  
O'er many hopes o'erthrown !

Not taken by surprise !  
All was in readiness,  
So ordered that his tenderest ties  
Might break with least distress.

Not taken by surprise  
E'en by that midnight cry  
Parting, with no stern voice, the skies,—  
"Fear not, for it is I !"

Not taken by surprise !

Prepared—preparing long,  
To hear his Saviour's call, Arise !  
And join the Angels' song !

---

JOHN WIGHAM (TERTIUS).

KINDNESS—Submission—Faith !

I think of all the Three  
When, in thy life and death,  
Loved Friend, I think of Thee !

Kindness ! whose law, always,  
Was in thy heart and mouth,  
Bright as the genial ray !  
Warm as the sunny south !

Submission ! when eclipse  
Obscured the prosperous sun,  
Thy duteous heart and lips  
Still breathed, Thy will be done !

Faith ! that could lean through life  
On Jesus, thy loved Lord ;  
And, in the parting strife,  
Could trust His faithful word !



We hail thy Spirit, freed !  
 Yet justly mourn, the while,  
 " An Israelite indeed  
 In whom there was no guile !"  
 Thus, as in life, in death,  
 Loved Friend, I think of Thee !  
 Kindness—Submission—Faith !  
 I think of all the Three

---

ESTHER SEEBOHM.

(WRITTEN ON THE FUNERAL DAY.)

I MET, with mourners fond and true  
 Around a grave but yesterday !\*  
 And round another grave, to-day,  
 My spirit meets fond mourners too !  
 How sore the deep, though calm, distress,  
 Now knows my Friend,† as they but know  
 Who drain the cup of severing woe  
 Down to the dregs of bitterness !  
 And was her victory sooner won  
 For sorrow,‡ that o'erflow'd the brink,  
 And sunk the heart ? For hearts may sink  
 That inly breathe, " Thy will be done !"

---

\* Funeral of John Wigham (Tertius).

† B. S.

‡ The death of her only daughter.

Only in Love could grief be given  
 To such dear Handmaid of the Lord!  
 Only to loose the "silver cord"  
 That silken clew might lead to heaven!  
 Those "former things have pass'd away;"  
 We knew their purpose but in part:  
 And Faith assures the sorrowing heart  
 That Mercy order'd all her way!  
 Lost Treasures of our love and care!  
 Let Heaven, that holds them, nearer be!  
 Saviour! Enough, to walk with Thee  
 While lingering here! and meet them there!

---

### PETER BEDFORD.

FRIEND of my earlier and my later years,  
 I may not hear, unmoved, that Thou art  
 gone!  
 Upon whose path, through life, such radi-  
 ance shone  
 As leaves us, darken'd, when it disappears.  
 Old "Steward Street" was once, 'mongst use-  
 ful spheres,  
 Renown'd, for generous deed and fostering  
 care!  
 Nor outcast, nor e'en culprit, fail'd to share

The genial glow that BEDFORD'S name endears!  
The young, with us, will mourn! Thy few  
compeers

Too soon, to those next following, will give  
way :

How could we bid such Patriarchs to delay,  
While sinks the heart, and multiply its fears!

We, from the severing, shrink—and, droop-  
ing, say

The Fathers and the Prophets, where are  
they ?



## Index.

---

	PAGE
1. Richard Reynolds - - -	5
2. Joseph Ball - - -	6
3. Susanna Ball - - -	7
4. Richard Reynolds (Philanthropist) -	8
5. Richard Ball - - -	9
6. Elizabeth Ball - - -	10
7. Richard Ball, Junr. - - -	12
8. Hannah Ball - - -	13
9. Joseph Ball, junr. - - -	15
10. Sarah Waring - - -	17
11. Samuel Waring - - -	19
12. Rebecca Ball - - -	22
13. Samuel Rutter - - -	23
14. Joseph Ball - - -	24
15. Gawen Ball - - -	27
16. Susan Anstice - - -	28
17. Hannah Reynolds. Part I. - - -	29
18. The Same. Part II. - - -	33
19. Hannah Mary Rathbone - - -	35
20. Joseph Reynolds - - -	36
21. Joseph Anstice - - -	37
22. John Bartlett - - -	38
23. The Same. Part I. Terrace - - -	39
24. The Same. Part II. Marnwood's Master	39
25. Sarah Allen - - -	41

	PAGE
26. P. H. Gurney	42
27. Anne Fry	42
28. P. H. Fry. Part I.	43
29. The Same. Part II.	45
30. A. and H. J. Fry ; and C. Doyle	47
31. Anna Maria (Phelps) Walker	48
32. Rebecca Byrd	49
33. Richard Phillips	51
34. George Withy	52
35. Mary Holbrow	53
36. E. S.	55
37. A. F. P.	57
38. Thomas Clarkson	60
39. Richard Cockin	61
40. C. J.	62
41. S. W.	63
42. John White Middelton	65
43. Sophia (J. W.) Middelton	65
44. Elizabeth Agnew	67
45. W. O. Edye	68
46. O. L.	69
47. Dr Arnold	72
48. F. M.	73
49. D. F.	74
50. Isaac Stephenson	76
51. William Wilson	78
52. Isaac Crewdson	79
53. Isaac Wilson	81
54. Henry Wilson	82
55. Wilson Marriott	83
56. John Bragg	85
57. The Aged (in Westmoreland, Q. M.)	86

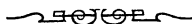
	PAGE
58. Martha Smith - - -	88
59. Robert Fowler, junr. - - -	89
60. Thomas Fowler - - -	90
61. The Same, to Lucy Fowler - - -	92
62. John Fowler - - -	93
63. John Allen - - -	94
64. Lucy Maw - - -	95
65. L. W. - - -	96
66. M. L. P. - - -	98
67. W. Allen, and S. Grellet - - -	99
68. A. A. J. ; and S. B. J. - - -	100
69. Anna Almy Jenkins - - -	103
70. Alexander Cruickshank - - -	104
71. Mahlon Day - - -	106
72. A Falmouth Record : (Mostly of the Dead)	107
73. The Three Graves beneath the Willow -	111
74. Elizabeth Fox - - -	114
75. E. T. Gribbins - - -	116
76. Elizabeth Fox, To A. - - -	118
77. The Same - - -	119
78. Robert Barclay Fox - - -	121
79. The Same - - -	122
80. The Same - - -	124
81. The Same - - -	125
82. The Same - - -	126
83. The Same - - -	127
84. The Mourning of Roskrow - - -	129
85. Maria Robert W. Fox - - -	131
86. Mariana (Fox) T. - - -	132
87. Anna Price, Elizabeth Fox, and C. P. Hingston	133
88. Phebe Hustler - - -	134
89. Elizabeth Robson - - -	135

	PAGE
90. Mary Gurney - - -	137
91. Maria Samuel Fox - - -	139
92. B. M. F. - - -	140
93. S. L. F. - - -	141
94. D. Q. Part I. - - -	143
95. The Same. Part II. - - -	144
96. W. Wordsworth - - -	145
97. S. S. W. - - -	146
98. Christiana Gurney - - -	149
99. Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton - - -	149
100. William Gundry - - -	150
101. Jonathan Backhouse - - -	152
102. Hannah Chapman Backhouse - - -	154
103. Joseph Tregelles Price - - -	155
104. William Forster - - -	156
105. Anna Forster - - -	158
106 The "Partners" (Anna Gurney and Sarah Buxton) - - -	160
107. Amelia Opie - - -	161
108. Elizabeth Fry - - -	163
109. Priscilla Johnston - - -	164
110. At Rennyhill, with E. Fry - - -	165
111. Elizabeth Gurney's Funeral - - -	166
112. Samuel Gurney - - -	168
113. Joseph John Gurney - - -	169
114. To E. P. Gurney (Sequal to J. J. G.) - - -	172
115. Samuel Tuke - - -	173
116. Hannah More - - -	174
117. Susanna Corder - - -	175
118. Eliza Fletcher - - -	176
119. To J. M. F. (Death of another of R. B.'s Daughters) - - -	178

	PAGE
120. Alfred Darby - - -	179
121. Barnard Dickinson - - -	180
122. Ann Dickinson - - -	181
123. Joseph Bewley - - -	183
124. Mary Lecky - - -	184
125. Edward Pease - - -	185
126. George Stacey - - -	187
127. Mary Stacey, S. Abbott, and M. Bragg -	188
128. A. C. B. - - -	189
129. Elizabeth Dudley - - -	191
130. Anna Braithwaite - - -	193
131. Isaac Braithwaite - - -	194
132. Rachel Lloyd, Deborah Crewdson, and Dorothy Benson - - -	196
133. John and Martha Yeardley - - -	197
134. Rachel Francis Fox - - -	198
135. Margaret Crewdson - - -	199
136. J. T. Barry - - -	201
137. H. (Marsh) Bowden - - -	203
138. Isabel Casson - - -	204
139. Joseph Talwin Foster ; and his Father, Joseph Foster, of Bromley - - -	205
140. Phillipa Williams - - -	206
141. Elizabeth Clibborn and Rebecca Grubb -	208
142. Jane Crewdson - - -	209
143. James Cropper - - -	210
144. Joseph Sturge - - -	212
145. Joseph Rowntree - - -	213
146. Julia (S.) R. - - -	214
147. Luke and Mariabella Howard - - -	215
148. Dr Thomas, Baltimore - - -	216
149. William Dent - - -	218



				PAGE
150.	Robert Whittaker	-	-	219
151.	Thomas Pumphrey	-	-	220
152.	George Richardson	-	-	221
153.	Daniel Oliver	-	-	223
154.	Jonathan and Rachel Priestman	-	-	225
155.	William C. Bowly	-	-	226
156.	Francis Fox	-	-	226
157.	John Wigham	-	-	228
158.	John Wigham, junr.	-	-	229
159.	Edward Richardson	-	-	230
160.	John Wigham, Tertius	-	-	231
161.	Esther Seebohm	-	-	232
162.	Peter Bedford	-	-	233

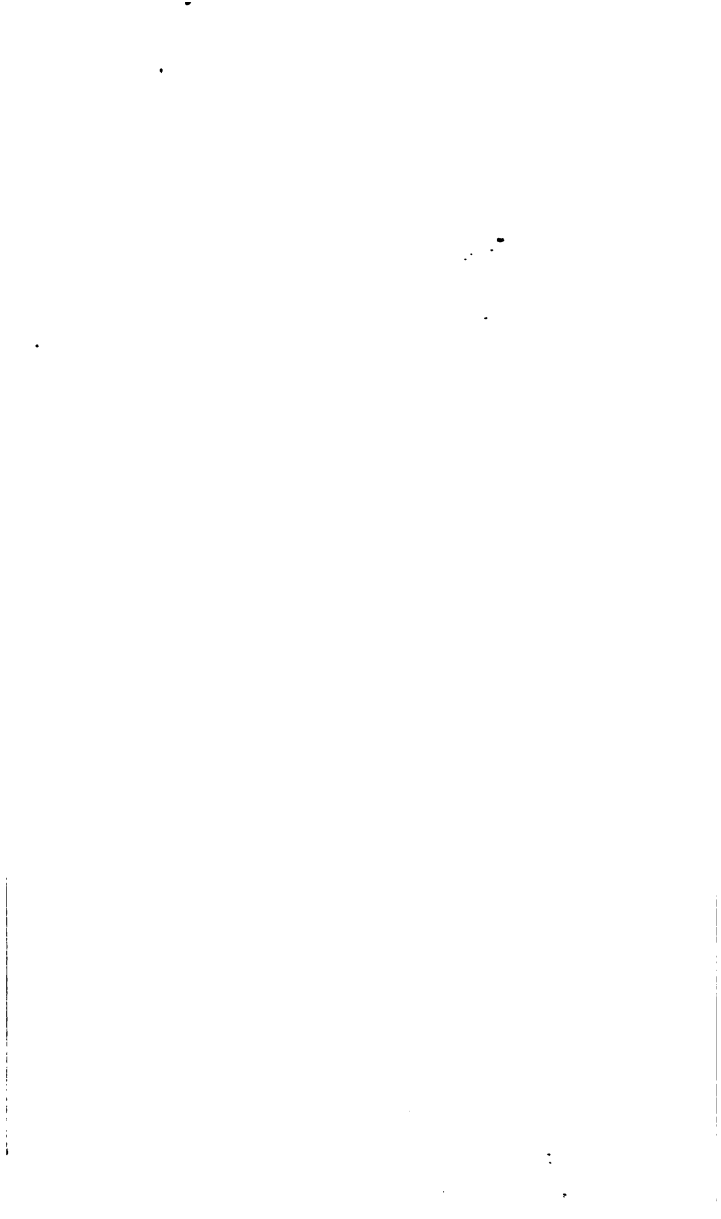




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13





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